LION FEUCHTWANGER'S PARIS GAZETTE

The Saturday Review of Literature

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By Eugene R. Page

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By Caroline Slade
Reviewed by James T. Farrell

"PILGRIMS ON THE EARTH"
By Margaret Marchand
Reviewed by Josephine Johnson

"THE VALLEY OF EXILE"
By L. F. Loveday Prior
Reviewed by John Scott Mabon

"THIS LAND IS OURS"
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"WATCH BELOW"
By William McFee
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"THE LIGHTS GO DOWN"
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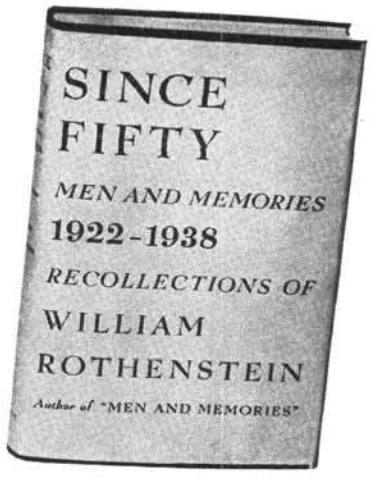

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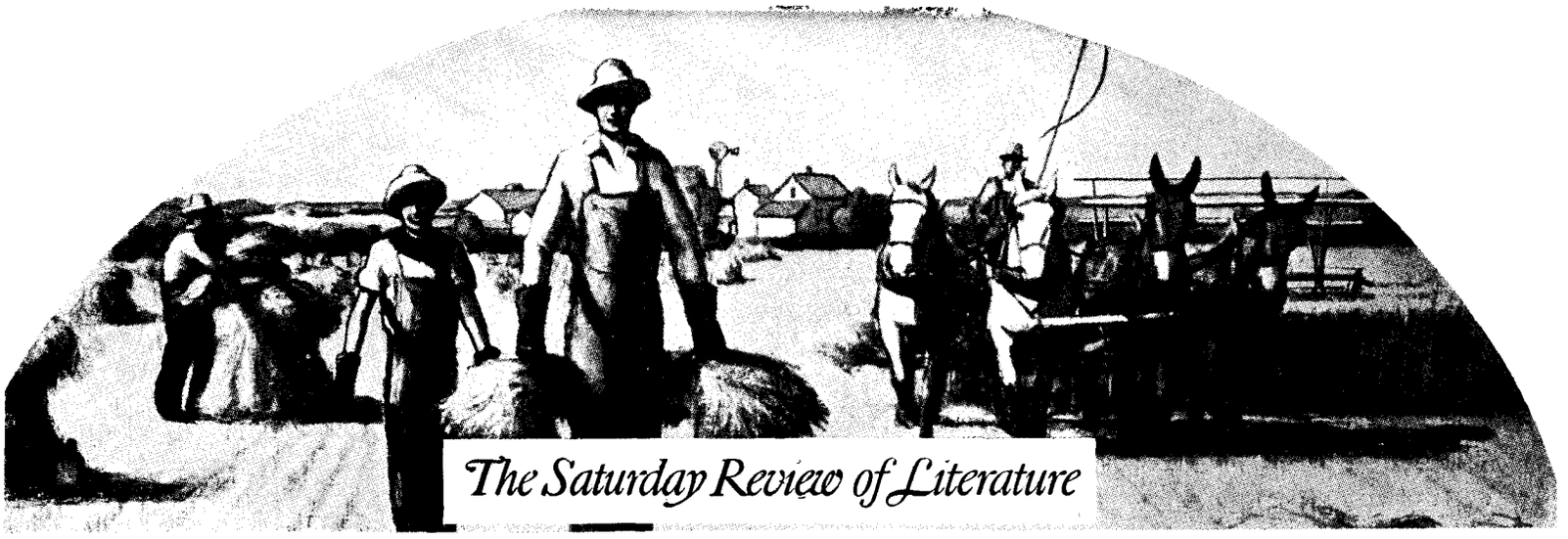

The Saturday Review of Literature

From the mural, "Wheat Farming in Missouri," by Harry Louis Freund ("Art in Federal Buildings").

I'm From Missouri

EUGENE RICHARD PAGE

PROBABLY the traveler's best route across Missouri today is by way of the shining steel-and-aluminum streamliner, the *Mark Twain*. Riding in seventy-mile-an-hour ease in a car named *Huck Finn* or *Injun Joe,* he will see the state which is now proudly conscious of its claim to literary fame as the early home of America's foremost literary figure. For —let there be no mistake about it— Emersonians, Melvillians, and all others get no hearing in this Twain country. Mark Twain is first, "Huckleberry Finn" is his best, and all Missouri knows it.

Almost all Missouri knows it. As late as 1920, a writer in the *Missouri Historical Review* apologetically fretted over Twain's "vulgarity," and within recent months a Missouri Congressman denounced the Twain memorial stamp because its hero was a "deserter" from the Confederate army. But for the most part the long critical argument over his merits is ended, and modern criticism concentrates on the origin and nature of that merit. In the thirty years since his death, each new account has provided another explanation of the cause of his fame and of the temperament of the man himself. He is a romancer, a satirist, another Dickens or Fielding or Swift, or merely an American *Punch*. He succeeded because of the frontier or in spite of it, by virtue of his years in Hannibal, or his life on the Mississippi, or his travels in the far West, or for almost any other possible reason.

For Missourians, it is the significance of Twain's early life which matters. Born in Florida, Missouri, in 1835, a printer's apprentice at thirteen, a newspaper contributor at sixteen, a journeyman printer, river pilot, and wandering journalist, young Clemens looked out from his boyhood home in the little river town of Hannibal to become the "second discoverer" of the Mississippi. In those first newpaper contributions, born of the frontier tradition of the "tall tale," he began to exhibit the literary qualities which reached a climax after he had left the state. When "The Jumping Frog of Calaveras County" and "Innocents Abroad" appeared, American literature came of age. Its barbaric yawp seemed to the Eastern seaboard a veritable renaissance of vulgarity.

Twain traveled a long way from his native state, and there are those who would minimize or ignore the river background. "Life on the Mississippi" will serve as a reminder that Missouri grew up as a "river" state and a frontier state. Her history provides conspicuous evidence of one of the most vital influences in the development of the nation. Yet one looks almost in vain for adequate literary treatment of these materials. Perhaps the answer lies partly in the fact that Missouri is not a state like Indiana or a state of mind like Iowa. Her background is so diverse that Missourians seem often to have in common only the fact of their residence.

Along the 470 miles of the Mississippi and the 450 miles of the Missouri, the pattern of cultural and literary history can be traced. Missouri is an old state and a big state. From early river towns like Ste. Genevieve, founded by the French in 1735, the frontier moved gradually up the rivers and then overland, to embrace an area of seventy thousand square miles. Seventh in population today, with an area larger than that of any state east of the Mississippi River, Missouri has wheat fields as far north as Brooklyn, New York, and cotton plantations as far south as Durham, North Carolina. The Missourian was first a Frenchman, then a Kentuckian, then a German or an Irishman, and finally a native. Today, ninety-five percent of all Missourians are natives of the United States, and three-fourths of these were born in Missouri.

THE earliest communities brought literature and literary aspirations with them. Yet it was not until the eve of the Civil War that any adequate attempt was made to use native materials in that literature. Poetry and fiction and drama all depended almost entirely on imported talent or feeble imitation. Poetry was preoccupied with Popian couplets and Wordsworthian imagery. Novels were generally looked upon as lies which painted "adventure too romantic and love too vehement." The influence of Scott and Cooper helped to meet this objection, especially if the native author dressed up a pretty moral in a "Sunday school" novel. Although the professional theatre flourished in St. Louis, native drama was practically non-existent. Occasionally a Western voice would raise a cry for a truer picture of actual conditions, but too often the West joined the East in condemning as vulgar the few attempts made.

Even after a generation of minor writers and the novels of Twain, the impulse to a first-rate use of native themes seemed lacking. From Angus Umphraville's "Missourian Lays and Other Western Ditties" (1821) through dozens of little volumes and hundreds of contributions to periodicals, a wave of ballads, short stories, tall tales, and folk literature swept over the state.

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Men like Alphonso Wetmore, Sol Smith, John Robb, and Joe Field anticipated the days of Twain in the presentation of native material through a journalistic medium. Especially interesting were the tales of the legendary Mike Fink, king of the river boat men, and the creation of the "Pike," an independent "crittur" full of whiskey and the "shakes."

Through the nineteenth century this kind of writing appeared in great quantity, but without much quality or encouragement. It faced in opposition not only the borrowed literary tradition of the East, but the "genteel" Southern tradition on which the state temperamentally relied. Born into statehood in the controversial Missouri Compromise, Missouri remained technically with the North, but emotionally Southern. Many of her oldest settlements are in an area still known as "the Dixie belt" and the still prevalent enthusiasm for "Dixie land" is something of a shock to the person who thinks of Missouri as mid-Western. The French, the Germans, the Irish, and the New Englanders brought Missouri her frontier temperament, but Kentucky gave her "tradition," which she cherishes still more valiantly.

From the close of the Civil War to the beginning of the twentieth century, and perhaps even later, by far the largest share of literary activity was concentrated in St. Louis. Here, in the 1860's, for example, William T. Harris led the "St. Louis School of Philosophy," and founded the *Journal of Speculative Philosophy,* the first periodical in the English language devoted exclusively to philosophy. In the pages of Harris's magazine appeared not only the writings of Plato, Aristotle, and Hegel, but the first philosophical papers of Pierce, Royce, James, and Dewey.

ST. LOUIS had had newspapers since 1811, and theatrical history since 1815. Her publishers had been responsible for most of the books printed in Missouri. Her geographical position and her early development as the first important city in the state made her the logical home of a generation of writers. First among these was Eugene Field, born in St. Louis in 1850. His career began in the columns of the *Evening Journal,* where he set the fashion for the "colyumist."

Practical joker, sentimentalist, classicist, Field appealed to the heart, the humor, or the intellect of his readers, and left them all not quite certain what to make of him. His greater reputation came from later years in Denver and Chicago, but Missouri still claims him.

The man who really made St. Louis a literary center was William Marion Reedy. Born in St. Louis in 1862, son of a police captain, Reedy attended Christian Brothers Academy and the St. Louis University. After a period of employment on the *Missouri Republican,* he became editor and later owner of the *Mirror. Reedy's Mirror* soon acquired a nation-wide fame for its editor's effectiveness in selecting promising new writers. Reedy became a "maker and unmaker of literary reputations." Between 1894 and 1920 he published the first work of Fannie Hurst, Zoë Akins, Orrick Johns, and others. It was by his advice that Edgar Lee Masters wrote "The Spoon River Anthology," which first appeared in the *Mirror.* American readers became acquainted with Galsworthy, Conrad, Cunninghame Graham, and the Sitwells through the pages of Reedy's magazine. Sara Teasdale, Julia Peterkin, John Gould Fletcher, and Babette Deutsch won literary reputations largely through Reedy's efforts.

Reedy's Mirror was an encouragement to many new and hazardous literary ventures which could not attain recognition in the more conservative magazines. St. Louis-born Fannie Hurst began a career as short story writer and novelist which led to the use of native materials and the "new realism" of "Humoresque," "Back Street," "Lummox," and "Appasionata." Drama critic Zoë Akins later became Missouri's only important dramatist of the present generation. Minor poets, critics, and novelists testify to the influence of Reedy.

Reedy himself wrote profusely for his magazine, but little else. He published "A Golden Book and The Literature of Childhood," wrote poetry, and contributed essays and articles on religious, humorous, political, social, and artistic themes.

St. Louis was also the home of Kate Chopin, short story writer of the "local color" school. Her local color interest belongs to the Louisiana Creoles, but her stories were all written in St. Louis, where she spent two-thirds of her life.

The climax of the nineteenth century increase in the writing and reading of novels were apparently read by almost everyone a generation ago. That more or less alliterative sequence, "The Crisis," "The Crossing," "Coniston," "Richard Carvel," "A Far Country," "A Modern Chronicle," and "The Inside of the Cup," brought Churchill quickly to the position of "foremost novelist of his day." "The Crisis" sold 320,000 and "Richard Carvel" 420,000 copies within a few months of publication. The plot complications may now seem turgid, but Churchill gave the American novel a blending of problem and romance, pre-

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"Paris Gazette"

I. AS THE REVIEWER SEES IT

By LOUIS UNTERMEYER

LION FEUCHTWANGER has always displayed an extraordinary sense of traveling through toppling civilizations; his novels have been time-machines carrying the breathless readers into the decaying eighteenth century world of "Power," the middle European clash of dynasties in "The Ugly Duchess," the florid Rome of "Josephus." While his native Germany was returning to old barbarisms, Feuchtwanger was turning to old cultures, to the fruits of Western imperialism and Oriental decadence. "Success" was the first of his novels devoted to the modern scene. And now, in "Paris Gazette," * Feuchtwanger has synthesized his gifts; he has written his most timely interpretation and his finest story.

It is a lengthy but not overlong tale of suffering humanity caught in one corner of a world which was, until recently, the boast of civilization. With little of the detachment which characterized his historical novels, Feuchtwanger has pictured the Paris of a few years ago, a Paris as unknown to the casual American traveller as it is to the average Frenchman. It is neither the enchanting tourist city, nor the haunt of idle men and lightly accessible women, nor the center of art, epicureanism and escape, but a city within a city: a haven for German refugees and a hunting ground for German officials. Enormously complicated in its ramifications, Feuchtwanger never allows the story to lose itself in its involvements; the plot is devious but never obscured.

Perhaps the explanation of Feuchtwanger's clarity in the midst of confusion is that his work is not so much a study of cultures and conditions (although it may well claim to be that) as it is a book of people. Here is an astonishing portrait gallery of exiles and spies, patriots and patrioteers, poets and musicians, editors and diplomats, badgered housewives and arrogant prodigies. They assume importance beyond their physical existence; the poorest of them are larger than life: Joseph ("Sepp") Trautwein, the expatriated Nordic composer, who, forced by circumstance to be a political pamphleteer, suggests a belated Richard Wagner. Friedrich Benjamin, the brilliant Jewish journalist, kidnaped, imprisoned, and strangely set free by the Nazis. His wife Ilse, an amoral "Aryan" sensualist, a kind of minor Molly Bloom. Doctor Wohlgemuth, the grimly cynical dentist, who belies his name and whose foil is the charming and self-charmed "Spitzi" von Gehrke of the German Embassy. Herr Gingold, the publisher who serves God and Mammon with equal awkwardness and futility. Tschernigg, the philosopher, living in the squalid emigration barracks, a character out of "A Lodging for the Night," fantastic but congruous. Harry Meisel, the nineteen-year-old genius whose volume "Sonnet LXVI" makes the events of Hitler's régime fit every phrase in Shakespeare's magnificently despairing poem and whose end is anticipated in the line, "Tired of all these for restful death I cry." Erich Wiesener, the indecisive German "front" of the Nazis who, nevertheless, keeps a secret journal of the Nazi's folly and frightfulness, "their politics, their vulgarity, and their absurdity," and who is a prey to his own self-division. Leah de Chassefierre, the patrician Frenchwoman ("one quarter Jewess") who is Erich's mistress, mother of the aristocratic, power-hungry Raoul. Konrad Heydebregg, special emissary for the Nazi government, clumsy and slow-witted, who uses his puritanical heaviness to advantage. The bewildered Anna; the pert slut Germaine; the

(Continued on page 15)

**PARIS GAZETTE. By Lion Feuchtwanger. New York: The Viking Press. 1940. 860 pp. $3.*

II. AS THE AUTHOR SEES IT

By LION FEUCHTWANGER

"PARIS GAZETTE" was begun in May, 1935, and finished in August, 1939, just before the outbreak of war. It was planned as a historical novel; and now that events have definitely put an end to the period with which it deals, no one could mistake it for anything else.

It forms the third part of a cycle of novels, the first two parts of which have already been published separately, under the titles "Success" and "The Oppermanns." The whole trilogy is to be called: "The Waiting-Room."

"The Waiting-Room," then, covers the period between the wars of 1914 and 1939, taking as its subject-matter the course of events in Germany: that is to say, the resurgence of barbarism in Germany and the temporary eclipse of reason. The aim of the trilogy is to document for posterity these dreadful years of suspense, the most sinister period in German history since the time of the Thirty Years' War. For posterity will be baffled by the fact that we put up with such a state of things for so long; posterity will find it difficult to understand why we should have waited so long before drawing the only valid conclusion, namely, that the rule of force and unreason must be ended by force and replaced by a reasonable social order.

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"The Waters of Paris," from an etching by R. W. Nevinson ("Fine Prints of the Year," 1931)

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The Insane Side of Genius

THE MAD BOOTHS OF MARYLAND. By Stanley Kimmel. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. 1940. 400 *pp., with index.* $3.75.

Reviewed by PHILIP VAN DOREN STERN

THE Booths make good copy. They have been written about before and they will doubtless be written about again. They were a strange lot; not only their professional careers but their lives had to do with drama. Comedy dwelt with them when the rip-snorting old barnstormer Junius Brutus was alive; after his death tragedy moved in on the children as a permanent guest.

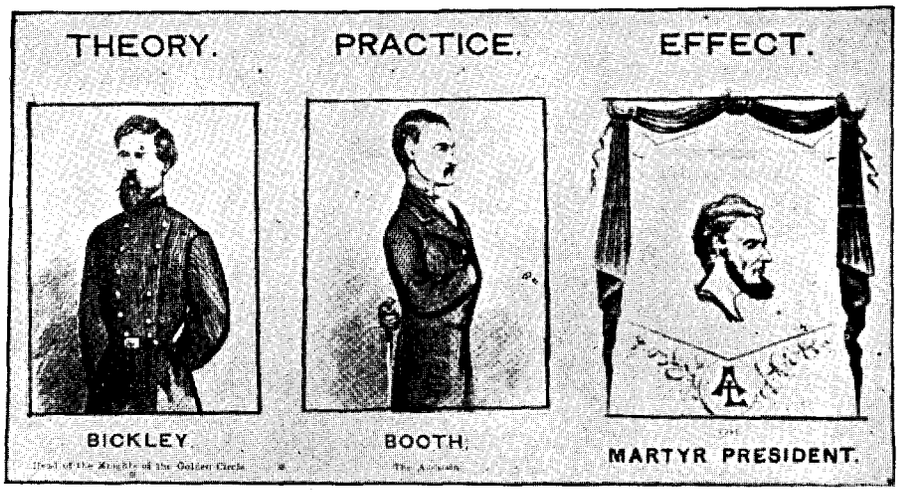
The men of the family who distinguished themselves had many things in common: acting ability, a streak of eccentricity that sometimes bordered dangerously on madness, fondness for women and liquor, and a strong trait of individuality that in the case of the next-to-the youngest son became sheer headstrong uncontrollability leading to political assassination and his own violent death. By an odd twist of fate John Wilkes has now become the best known of all the Booths. His association with the murder of America's most popular President has given him a notoriety that is likely to outlast the more respectable fame of Edwin, while the picturesque father survives only in numerous anecdotes about his misbehavior in the theater.

To treat of the Booths as a family instead of as separate individuals is an excellent idea. They were always a clannish lot, and they clung to each other even more closely after the unwelcome attention thrust upon them by the insane act of John Wilkes. Their natural aloofness became intensified. Few people ever knew them well, and they shunned notice even in the midst of fame. There is nothing like having a widely known murderer in the family to make even a normal group of people seem secretive and mysterious—and the Booths had never been normal people.

The great advantage of Mr. Kimmel's method lies in the fact that to understand any one of the Booths it is necessary to study them all. The stain of illegitimacy under which the family was founded in this country had a profound effect upon the lives of its members. And the mixed inheritance of genius and insanity derived from Junius Brutus took on varying aspects in the careers of the children. Edwin, who achieved the most fame, successfully concealed his naturally emotional nature behind a gentlemanly mask of studied politeness. Yet he lived all his life with insanity; he had seen it in his father; he saw it develop in his wife; and he was constantly afraid that it would seize control of his own mind. His sister Rosalie exiled herself from the world as a retiring spinster; his sister Asia exiled herself from America after the Lincoln assassination. Only Junius Brutus, Jr. and the youngest son Joseph were entirely normal and well integrated. They were also the least interesting of all the Booths.

Mr. Kimmel's book is an admirable compilation of all the material that patient research can dig up about the various members of the Booth family. Not much that he prints is new, but so rich a field has naturally often been explored. He sets down everything of consequence, and he has no sensational theories to put forward. He pays scant attention to the numerous rumors that sprang up about John Wilkes Booth. Nor does he offer any interpretation of the curious characters he is writing about. As a result his tale is somewhat bare. The notes printed at the end of the volume are by far the most unusual feature of the book. In these he reports some of the curiosa about the family. It is regrettable that he did not weave the more important of them into the text itself, for they would lend color and interest to it. The history of an eccentric family like the Booths often gains more from the telling of illuminating anecdotes than it does from a straightforward presentation of the facts of births, lives, and deaths.

Philip Van Doren Stern is the author of "The Man Who Killed Lincoln."



From "History of the United States," by James Truslow Adams (Scribners)

The teachings of the Knights of the Golden Circle were held responsible by a contemporary cartoonist for Lincoln's death.

Guide to a War

AN ATLAS HISTORY OF THE SECOND GREAT WAR. By J. F. Horrabin. Knopf. 1940. 99 *pp.* $1.50.

Reviewed by ROGER SHAW

MR. HORRABIN is probably the world's most intelligent political map-maker. Simplification is his specialty, and has accounted for much of his very considerable success here and abroad, particularly in England. Says he, in his preface to the above, "War is essentially an affair of geography; and accordingly a war history must consist largely of maps."

Of course, Denmark and Norway, in the war, have eluded the watchful eye (or rather pen) of Mr. Horrabin, but there is little else that has escaped him. His clear little black, and white, and striped, and shaded maps cover almost every conceivable aspect of the dread years, 1939-40. Some of the more inviting map titles read: German-speaking minorities in Europe; Historic Poland; Partition of Poland; Neutrals in the West; Blockade of Germany; Russia's Invasion of Finland; Way into the Black Sea; How Far Is Germany Self-Sufficient?; Canada: the Empire's Arsenal.

The accompanying text is clear, and simple, and to the point. Mr. Horrabin believes in letting the maps and diagrams do the work. His well-known "Atlas of Current Affairs" has gone into its seventh revised edition, and he also has turned out an "Atlas of European History," from the second century to the twentieth, and an "Atlas of Empire." All these books are practical, fair-minded, and useful, but the new World War addition is almost a "must" for those who seriously try to unravel the current overseas mess. R. S.

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The Bentons in Early America

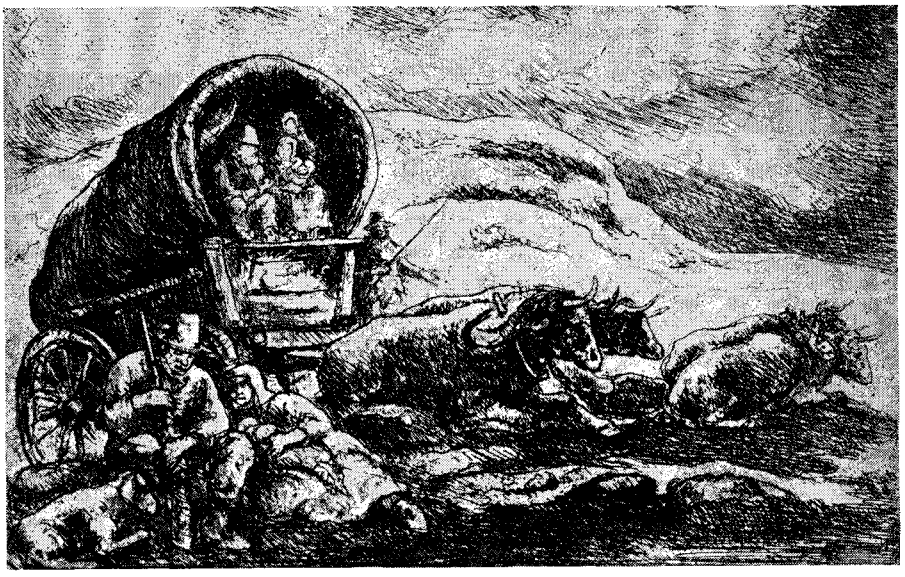
THIS LAND IS OURS. By Louis Zara. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1940. 779 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by HARRY THORNTON MOORE

LOUIS ZARA'S fourth novel is the story of the Northwest Territory from the time of Braddock's defeat in 1775 to the withdrawal of the Indians across the Mississippi in 1835. It is also the story of Andrew Benton who, in the course of his long life, is opportunely on the spot for the great events that took place in the region during those years. Andrew inherits the Westering urge from his father, who in spite of the news of Braddock's rout had pushed across Pennsylvania in a conestoga wagon his own father had built just before dying: Andrew, then, a child is last seen in Illinois, an octogenarian trying to go still farther west with his aged wife. Somewhere ahead of them their grandson is driving a renovated version of the same old conestoga into prairies new.

One of the principal virtues of this book as a historical novel is that whenever one of the characters drops his hat, no Twentieth Century-Fox "historical personage" rushes forward to pick it up, hand it back, murmur his name, and disappear into the crowd. The people from history who do figure in the story are not dragged in by the scalplock for the sake of a momentary effect: George Rogers Clark, "Mad Anthony" Wayne, Benjamin Harrison, and the others are a living gallery. The interpretations of their characters and the portraits of them in action are a contribution to our understanding of the frontier, whose physical aspects (town and wilderness) are also colorfully presented. Re-creation of this kind gives a historical novel a value beyond entertainment. It is instructive as well as exciting to read such thorough and vivid accounts of the Pontiac conspiracy, Wayne's Fallen Timbers campaign, Harrison's march on Tippecanoe and—what is perhaps the best feature of the book—Clark's heroic expeditions against Kaskaskia and Vincennes.

Not all the book is at this high level: some of the purely imaginary characters are not so interestingly seen, and the invented incidents of their lives at times make pedestrian reading. There is much commonplace writing in the first two hundred pages; the journey of the Bentons over the Alleghenies is never so absorbing as it should be. Pontiac's siege of Detroit first brings the book to life, and from then on it lags only in the interspaces between the large events. Since Andrew Benton must be fitted into the pattern of great happenings, the transitional passages frequently suffer. Like some of the other border men in the book, who speak too mawkishly or are too epigrammatically conscious of future history, Andrew is not always convincingly sketched. His adolescent, almost incredibly idyllic love affair with an Indian girl has the unreality of an eighteenth century romance about "the noble savage," but the sections describing his years with the Shawnees are remarkably moving; like so many other white captives adopted into a tribe, Andrew was reluctant to leave when set free. The author is able to present the Indians' case sympathetically, though he also shows how brutal and treacherous the red men could be. The depiction of the Indians' conquerors is likewise a balanced one: if there are simple-hearted pioneers, armies of men of good will, there are also the exploiting traders who give the Indians firewater, there are British officers who incite them to murder white settlers, and there are the not-to-be-forgotten land grabbers. The almost inevitable division of sympathy between red and white (and the subdivisions within the colors themselves) gives the book's title an ironic underlining.



Etching by Eugene Higgins from "A Treasury of American Prints," published by Simon & Schuster.

"Pioneers Resting"

Your Literary I. Q.

Howard Collins

10 FAMOUS ANIMALS

Animals, too, have made names for themselves in the world of books. Of the ten that are described below, how many can you identify? Allow 5 points for each one you can call by name, and another 5 if you can remember a book in which the animal appeared and its author. A score of 70 is par, 80 is good, 90 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 21.

1. This little bull went on a sit-down strike.
2. The pride and joy of Lord Emsworth, she won the medal in the Fat Pigs class for two consecutive years.
3. This gigantic blue ox measured 42 ax handles and a plug of chewing tobacco between the horns.
4. The adventures of this unladylike cat were recorded in *vers libre.*
5. This great white whale fought for three days before being killed by the revengeful Captain Ahab.
6. A giant ferret, he responded to the prayers of an imaginative little boy and killed the child's guardian.
7. This little squirrel's tree-home was chopped down just in time to save her from being eaten by a fox.
8. Though a very young and inexperienced mongoose, he wiped out a family of black cobras.
9. This elephant's embarrassing affection for the doctor who treated her for burns was overcome by a barrel of beer and a barrel of gin.
10. This young fawn was the best friend of a Florida farmer boy.

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The Saturday Review
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THE PLATED DINOSAUR

THE crash and disintegration of Europe threatens to confuse, if not to cut short, a great debate in America which may prove to have been the most important for our destinies since the controversies which preceded the Civil War. It has gone on long enough now to produce its own literature, to which two books recently announced, Raymond Leslie Buell's "Isolated America" and Charles Beard's "A Foreign Policy for America" are obvious contributions. But the question, how can the United States in increasing world disorder best preserve its liberty and pursuit of happiness, has worked its way out from books and radio into the minds of every man and woman who can think beyond the next meal and the movies.

To enter into this great debate on an editorial page is like talking of eternity in a two-minute introduction to a radio hour. Yet the tempo of events abroad is so rapid, that not a day should be lost in passing on in advance one warning in Mr. Buell's forthcoming book. The past history of the United States, particularly since 1898, has shown that Americans, once their martial spirit is stirred, are much more willing to spend billions and blood in a war which they may enter with no deep consideration as to where it may lead them, than millions and brains in an attempt to plan and execute a sound national policy in foreign affairs.

Our foreign policy today, in so far as it has been given public expression, is a five horse team with every horse pulling in a different direction. We violently condemn the international immorality of the dictator states and are sure that the world they propose is not one with which we could live on friendly terms. But, at the same time, we are fearful that the belligerent democracies, fighting to save their own skins, are not so interested as we are in a reconstructed civilization where America could be a good neighbor. Next, we are agreed upon an immense preparedness for water, air, and even land warfare, but are in utter disagreement as to how much or how little this preparedness should be conditioned by relations established with the rest of the world. Four, one part of the nation thinks that isolation is impossible, and wants to use our vast powers to force the kind of a world in which we want to live, but so far has only begun to think about the technique, the sacrifices, the risks and necessary objectives involved. And finally, another part, and a very large part of the country, believes that we are and can be self-sufficient, can run this continent on its own wheels and stay out of both Asiatic and European involvements; but again, has only begun to think about the price of self-sufficiency, the responsibilities it involves for our own domestic economy and the protection of the Western hemisphere, and the danger of reacting into a fight against new masters.

It is unfortunate that Aesop did not know about the dinosaur, for no animal, mythical, prehistoric, or living, is so useful for the fabulist. The United States today is in danger of resembling the dinosaur when his physical power was greatest and his intelligence least. For generations the dinosaur's strength had been increasing; he could trample on anything. For defense, he had added plate on plate to a hide which was thick to begin with. Every evolutionary tendency worked in him, except the liberating tendencies that free and enlarge the brain. His brain did not grow smaller. It may have increased. But in proportion to the vast effort put forth to make him the most powerful animal alive, the growth of the brain case was infinitesimal. And so, there he was, preparedness incarnate, but against what? He did not know, because he could not think. We do not yet know what combination of circumstances ended his career. Perhaps economic—he could not support his vast limbs because his economic system was not adapted to a changing food supply. Perhaps psychical—when he fell in a depression he could not get out. Perhaps belligerent—he had become, out of mere size, a menace to smaller, more mobile animals, who combined to kill him. There was nothing wrong with his plates or with his muscles. It was a failure to develop foresight—another word for brains—which paralyzed him.

The analogy is inexact. It is inexact in all fables, which does not prevent them from being useful. Hitler may be an ass in a lion's skin. Those who believe in the inadequacy of violence to bring ultimate success, still think so. Those that feel that stratagem is the art of politics as well as of war, and that good flows from evil as often as from good, think not. But the aptness of the analogy of the dinosaur's plates to our belief that it is sufficient to arm in order to safeguard our future, is obvious. And the still closer analogy between his immense body and little functioning brain, and our clamors to move backward or forward or in a circle, with no heed to those who are trying to make us look before we leap, is also obvious.

Actually, the isolationists of last year, who were so sure that there would be no war, have changed their tune. And the internationalists of last year, who were so sure that if America would take part in the European controversy there would be no war, or, at least a speedy peace, have changed their tune. The great debate has sharpened, but the two extremes are not so far apart as they were. Our greatest danger is that events, or our own passions, will plunge us into a world conflict before intelligent leadership in this country shall have formulated a foreign policy which, in principle at least, has some chance of success, and can get the support of a majority of intelligent citizens. The fate of the dinosaur proved there is no armor against death. Neither armor nor isolation alone is a sufficient protection against involvement in world disaster. There must be brains. H. S. C.

Listen . . .

By Ogden Nash

THERE is a knocking in the skull,
An endless silent shout
Of something beating on a wall,
And crying, let me out.

That solitary prisoner
Will never hear reply,
No comrade in eternity
Can hear the frantic cry.

No heart can share the terror
That haunts his monstrous dark;
The light that filters through the chinks
No other eye can mark.

When flesh is linked with eager flesh,
And words run warm and full,
I think that he is loneliest then,
The captive in the skull.

Caught in a mesh of living veins,
In cell of padded bone,
He loneliest is when he pretends
That he is not alone.

We'd free the incarcerate race of man
That such a doom endures
Could only you unlock my skull,
Or I creep into yours.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

"Prose and Politics"

SIR:—As an amateur in politics, I was particularly interested in Blair Bolles's recent article, "Prose and Politics."

One angle of his subject, it seems to me, has not been sufficiently explored; and might very profitably be gone into. That is, to what extent is the last eight years' deluge of political theory "trial balloons" for the present administration in Washington? Is the public and critical reaction to these books noted?

It also occurred to me that some of these books might be outright bids for a job, by proving to Washington that the author, per published statement, was "one of the boys."

JEAN M. MCKENNA.
Latrobe, Pennsylvania.

Flaw in the Relish

SIR:—Your advertisement in *The New York Times* induced me to secure a copy of your weekly just to sample a morsel that was new to me. The Spring issue was novel, finished and perfect to such an extent that I was amazed how such a rich review of books could have passed me by so long unnoticed; but, lo and behold; in the midst of my relish along I stumble upon Mr. Harold Lavine's review of "Conquering the Man in the Street." He concludes this article by a foul libel on Father Charles E. Coughlin's followers. As Paul L. O'Connor in the same issue, writes a letter about Hitler, and so slams "an oft-seen ghost," it may be that this canard about Father Coughlin's followers can be exposed, if not exploded. Mr. Lavine failed to explain, that the institute with the sweet sounding title, of which he is director, [Institute for Propaganda Analysis—Ed.] is a group of professors, merged and united to defame and malign Father Coughlin; that this smear brigade in making this stealthy thrust aims to attack the Encyclical Quadragesimo Anno.

WILLIAM B. O'CONNOR.
Brooklyn, New York.

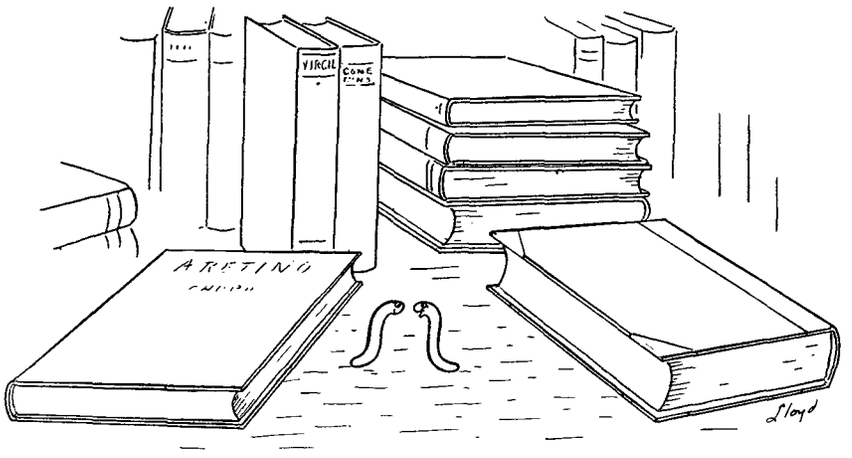
The Romance of J. P. Jones

SIR:—A certain fiction called "John Paul Jones's Secret Romance" has been given currency in three different forms. Valentine Thompson, author of a lately published book about Paul Jones, called "A Knight of the Sea," was at one time in possession of the ms of this document, and published one portion of it in *The New York Times*. An emissary from the *Times*, accompanied by a friend of Miss Thompson, visited me, with the design of requesting me to refrain from criticism of this portion of the document, until Miss Thompson had supplied the remainder. The *Times* published at this juncture an article by myself, wherein I pointed out the historical inaccuracies contained in the article supplied by Miss Thompson. A series of articles purporting to be the complete story of this "Secret Romance" was published subsequently in *The Chicago Tribune*, the authors having obtained the material from Miss Thompson. In Miss Thompson's lately published book, she again relates the story, although she admits that there are doubts concerning its authenticity.

Hated by England, dubbed "Pirate" and "Corsair," Paul Jones has appealed to the story-telling writer of his own and later days, as a fascinating hero of romance, and has had the dubious honor of being celebrated in four fictitious biographies. I have been called upon to disclose the falsity of three of these works. My exposé of Buell's famous forgery, entitled "Paul Jones, Founder of the American Navy," was published in *The New York Times* and has never been answered or refuted. Charles Scribner who put Buell's book on the market, afterwards published my own in 1913, and withdrew Buell's book from circulation. "Paul Jones, Man of Action," by Phillips Russell, was also withdrawn by Brentano, after I had duly exposed its falsity in the *Times*.

It is not my purpose to attempt to extricate the false from the true in Miss Thompson's book. I will however point out, that her theory regarding the name of the mysterious Madame T., called Aimée Adèle de Telison, in Buell's book, has not the remotest foundation in fact, nor is it based on any historical document. She asserts that a certain Madame Trusson, was one of the many mistresses of Louis fifteenth, and that she bore the king two daughters. One of these daughters was called Aimée, and Miss Thompson further declares categorically, that she can be identified as the mysterious Madame T. of Jones's letters, and the original of Buell's fictional character called Aimée Adèle de Telison. In using this fiction of Buell's regarding this Aimée Miss Thompson has deliberately defied historical fact. She has repeated the falsehood regarding her presence by the side of Paul Jones during his last days in the Rue de Tourmon, ignoring the fact that Jones, in a letter to Jefferson had declared he had lost sight of her during his absence in Russia. This letter is printed in my book. Although admitting that another inamorata of Jones's called "Delia," was a certain Countess of Nicolson, married to Count Murry, who added his own title to that of his wife, and was called Murry de Nicolson, Miss Thompson declares that the name as I have used it was not correct, but that Count Murry de Nicolson was Nicolson Kemnay. I will refer Miss Thompson to the Calendar of Jones's papers in Washington. The letter of May 14th, 1780, invites Jones to spend a weekend with the owners of the Chateau, and refers to them as Murry Nicolson. Another letter of June 2nd, 1780, from the Marquis de Puy'Ségur also refers to them by the name Murry Nicolson. An agent for a painter of miniatures states, that the Countess Murry Nicolson had vainly urged Jones to sit for him. A singular inconsistency is to be observed in Miss Thompson's book, admitting that the mysterious Aimée was not called de Telison, she permits her publisher to perpetuate and advertise this false name on the jacket of her book. A statement by Count Berg, an actual descendant of a brother officer of Jones in Russia, furnishes the facts in detail regarding the family of the imaginary Anna of "The Secret Romance" wherein it is set forth that the names used by the authors of this preposterous story, are as fictitious as the story itself.

ANNA DE KOVEN.
New York City.



"Have you eaten any good books lately?"

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Pulitzer Prize Nominations

THE SATURDAY REVIEW has again asked the nation's reviewers and literary editors to list their preferences for the annual Pulitzer Prize awards. This is the third year the magazine has conducted this poll; the present tabulation shows a greater degree of unanimity than in either of the previous two polls. Two names—John Steinbeck and Carl Sandburg—dominate the list. Steinbeck's "Grapes of Wrath" captured all but a handful of votes for the fiction award; Sandburg's "Lincoln: The War Years" was the overwhelming favorite in biography. Mr. Sandburg was also runner-up with the same book in history. One critic listed Sandburg as his choice under every category except fiction.

The purpose of *The Saturday Review* in conducting this poll is to obtain a cross-section of opinion from qualified authorities in every section of the country. Altogether, fifty-one reviewers and editors submitted their nominations. The balloting indicated no sectional preferences, "The Grapes of Wrath" and "Lincoln: The War Years" blanketing the entire poll.

An interesting situation presents itself in the general choice of "Lincoln: The War Years" for the biography award. According to the specifications of the Pulitzer Prize committee, biographies of Washington and Lincoln are excluded from consideration as "too obvious" examples of "patriotic and unselfish services" to the American people. This was apparently overlooked in the nominations tabulated in the present poll. On the other hand, a number of reviewers, anticipating Sandburg's ineligibility for the biography classification, nominated him to receive the award in history. It was pointed out in a letter accompanying one of the ballots that "Sandburg's work, strictly speaking, is as much the biography of a nation during a critical period as it is the biography of a man, and is therefore to be considered as history." The authors of seven ballots apparently had this in mind when they nominated "Lincoln: "The War Years," as the history winner.

In fiction, John Steinbeck's "Grapes of Wrath," published in April, 1939, received thirty-nine out of forty-eight fiction votes, for a "distinguished novel, preferably dealing with American life, by an American author." Only one other novel, Thomas Wolfe's "The Web and The Rock," received more than a single vote. Mr. Steinbeck's book dramatized the problems of the migrant farm workers and added the name of the Joads to the list of famous American families of fiction.

THE FICTION VOTE

TITLE, AUTHOR, AND PUBLISHER	NO. OF VOTES
THE GRAPES OF WRATH by John Steinbeck *(Viking)*	39
THE WEB AND THE ROCK by Thomas Wolfe *(Harpers)*	3
GUNS OF BURGOYNE by Bruce Lancaster *(Stokes)*	1
PALE HORSE, PALE RIDER by Katherine Anne Porter *(Harcourt, Brace)*	1
CHILDREN OF GOD by Vardis Fisher *(Harpers)*	1
THE TREE OF LIBERTY by Elizabeth Page *(Farrar & Rinehart)*	1
THE NAZARENE by Sholem Asch *(Putnam)*	1
ARTILLERY OF TIME by Chard Powers Smith *(Scribners)*	1
THE LAND IS BRIGHT by Archie Binns *(Scribners)*	1

Behind "Abraham Lincoln: The War Years" as the leading choice for biography is Henry Seidel Canby's "Thoreau," which received eight votes. The only other biography receiving more than one vote was "The Life and Times of William Howard Taft," by Henry F. Pringle.

THE BIOGRAPHY VOTE

TITLE, AUTHOR, AND PUBLISHER	NO. OF VOTES
ABRAHAM LINCOLN: THE WAR YEARS by Carl Sandburg *(Harcourt, Brace)*	34
THOREAU by Henry Seidel Canby *(Houghton Mifflin)*	8
THE LIFE AND TIMES OF WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT *(Farrar & Rinehart)*	4
COUNTRY LAWYER by Bellamy Partridge *(Whittlesey House)*	1
A PECULIAR TREASURE by Edna Ferber *(Doubleday, Doran)*	1
STALIN by Boris Souvarine *(Alliance)*	1
THE BONAPARTES IN AMERICA by C. E. Macartney and Gordon Dorrance *(Dorrance)*	1
A GOODLY FELLOWSHIP by Mary Ellen Chase *(Macmillan)*	1

Nominated to receive the award for "a distinguished book of the year upon the history of the United States" were thirteen titles. At the top of the list is "America in Midpassage," by Charles A. and Mary R. Beard. This work, which serves as a continuation of the "Rise of American Civilization," received eighteen votes as against seven for Sandburg's "Lincoln: The War Years," runner-up in this category.

THE HISTORY VOTE

TITLE, AUTHOR, AND PUBLISHER	NO. OF VOTES
AMERICA IN MIDPASSAGE by Charles E. and Mary R. Beard *(Macmillan)*	18
ABRAHAM LINCOLN: THE WAR YEARS by Carl Sandburg *(Harcourt, Brace)*	7
STATESMEN OF THE LOST CAUSE by Burton J. Hendrick *(Little, Brown)*	3
THE AWAKENING OF AMERICA by V. F. Calverton *(John Day)*	3
THE LIFE OF GREECE by Will Durant *(Simon and Schuster)*	2
THE HERITAGE OF AMERICA edited by Henry Steele Commager and Allan Nevins *(Little, Brown)*	2
A DIPLOMATIC HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE by Thomas A. Bailey *(Crofts)*	1
THE MAN WHO KILLED LINCOLN by Philip Van Doren Stern *(Random House)*	1
CHIP OFF MY SHOULDER by Thomas L. Stokes *(Princeton)*	1
VICTORIA ROYAL by Rita Wellman *(Scribners)* 1940	1
PROPAGANDA FOR WAR by H. C. Peterson *(University of Oklahoma)*	1
THE RISE OF AMERICAN NAVAL POWER by Harold and Margaret Sprout *(Princeton)*	1
AMERICAN SAGA by Marjorie Barstow Greenbie *(McGraw-Hill)*	1

Poetry is the only category revealing a wide difference of opinion. Selected as the "distinguished volume of verse by an American author" are eight titles, with Mark Van Doren's "Collected Poems" but a single vote ahead of Edna St. Vincent Millay's "Huntsman, What Quarry?"

THE POETRY VOTE

TITLE, AUTHOR, AND PUBLISHER	NO. OF VOTES
COLLECTED POEMS by Mark Van Doren *(Holt)*	10
HUNTSMAN, WHAT QUARRY? by Edna St. Vincent Millay *(Harpers)*	9
AMERICA WAS PROMISES by Archibald MacLeish *(Duell, Sloan and Pearce)*	2
COLLECTED POEMS OF ROBERT FROST, 1939 *(Holt)*	5
COLLECTED POEMS by Robert P. Tristram Coffin *(Macmillan)*	1
THE MOVING TIDE by Jessie B. Rittenhouse *(Houghton Mifflin)*	1
FIRST WILL AND TESTAMENT by Kenneth Patchen *(New Directions)*	1
ABRAHAM LINCOLN: THE WAR YEARS by Carl Sandburg *(Harcourt, Brace)*	1

Because of the large number of votes for "Lincoln: The War Years" as the biography winner, *The Saturday Review* is not following its custom of eliminating ineligible titles from the tabulations.

The nominations last year found Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings's "The Yearling" as the popular choice for the fiction award; Carl Van Doren's "Benjamin Franklin" for biography; T. J. Wertenbaker's "The Founding of American Civilization" for history; and "The Selected Poetry of Robinson Jeffers" for poetry.

Ballots of individual reviewers are recorded on the following page.

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HOW THE CRITICS VOTED

Name	Fiction Vote	Biography Vote	History Vote	Poetry Vote
CHARLES LEE, *Boston Herald*	The Grapes of Wrath	Lincoln: The War Years	America in Midpassage	Huntsman, What Quarry?
HOWARD MUMFORD JONES, *Boston Evening Transcript*	The Grapes of Wrath	Thoreau	No vote	Collected Poems, Mark Van Doren
BERTRAND K. HART, *Providence Journal*	The Grapes of Wrath	A Goodly Fellowship	Abraham Lincoln: The War Years	Choice ineligible
EDWARD N. JENCKES, Jr., *Springfield Republican*	No vote	The Life and Times of William Howard Taft	The Rise of American Naval Power	No vote
A. L. S. WOOD, *Springfield Union*	The Grapes of Wrath	Country Lawyer	The Life of Greece	No vote
W. DeWITT MANNING, *Rochester (N. Y.) Democrat and Chronicle*	Guns of Burgoyne	Abraham Lincoln: The War Years	Incredible Era	Huntsman, What Quarry?
CHARLES POORE, *N. Y. Times*	The Grapes of Wrath	Lincoln: The War Years	Lincoln: The War Years	America Was Promises
LEWIS GANNETT, *N. Y. Herald Tribune*	The Grapes of Wrath	Abraham Lincoln: The War Years	Abraham Lincoln: The War Years	Abraham Lincoln: The War Years
ALICIA PATTERSON, *N. Y. Daily News*	The Grapes of Wrath	Abraham Lincoln: The War Years	America in Midpassage	No vote
MAY CAMERON, *N. Y. Post*	The Grapes of Wrath	Lincoln: The War Years	The Heritage of America	No vote
HARRY HANSEN, *N. Y. World-Telegram*	The Grapes of Wrath	Thoreau	A Diplomatic History of the American People	Collected Poems, Mark Van Doren
CHARLES WAGNER, *N. Y. Daily Mirror*	The Grapes of Wrath	The Life and Times of William Howard Taft	Abraham Lincoln: The War Years	Collected Poems, Mark Van Doren
J. C. GREY, *N. Y. Sun*	The Land Is Bright	Lincoln: The War Years	American Saga	Corn
JOHN SELBY, *Associated Press*	Children of God	The Life and Times of William Howard Taft	Statesmen of the Lost Cause	No vote
ROBERT FITZGERALD, *Time*	Pale Horse, Pale Rider	Abraham Lincoln: The War Years	America in Midpassage	Collected Poems, Mark Van Doren
PAUL FRIGGENS, *NEA Service*	The Grapes of Wrath	Lincoln: The War Years	Lincoln: The War Years	No vote
MICHAEL MARCH, *B'klyn Citizen*	The Grapes of Wrath	Lincoln: The War Years	Lincoln: The War Years	No vote
MAX J. HERZBERG, *Newark Evening News*	The Grapes of Wrath	Thoreau	America in Midpassage	Huntsman, What Quarry?
LOUIS NICHOLAS, *Philadelphia Record*	The Grapes of Wrath	Abraham Lincoln: The War Years	America in Midpassage	No vote
AUBREY L. THOMAS, *Philadelphia Evening Public Ledger*	The Grapes of Wrath	Abraham Lincoln: The War Years	America in Midpassage	No vote
HARRY E. BIEN, *Baltimore News-Post*	The Grapes of Wrath	The Bonapartes in America	The Man Who Killed Lincoln	Collected Poems, Robert Frost
MARK S. WATSON, *Baltimore Sunday Sun*	The Grapes of Wrath	Abraham Lincoln: The War Years	America in Midpassage	Collected Poems, Mark Van Doren
JOSEPH M. LALLEY, *Washington Post*	No vote	Abraham Lincoln: The War Years	No vote	Collected Poems, Mark Van Doren
MARY-CARTER ROBERTS, *Washington Star*	The Web and the Rock	Stalin (by Souvarine)	The Life of Greece	No vote
JAY LEWIS, *Norfolk Ledger Dispatch*	The Grapes of Wrath	Lincoln: The War Years	Chip Off My Shoulder	No vote
LAWRENCE LEE, *Virginia Quarterly Review*	The Grapes of Wrath	Abraham Lincoln: The War Years	America in Midpassage	Collected Poems, Robert Frost
ANGUS PERKERSON, *Atlanta Journal*	The Grapes of Wrath	Abraham Lincoln: The War Years	Statesmen of the Lost Cause	Collected Poems, Mark Van Doren
JANE JUDGE, *Savannah Morning News*	The Tree of Liberty	Abraham Lincoln: The War Years	America in Midpassage	Huntsman, What Quarry?
ALBERT GOLDSTEIN, *New Orleans Times-Picayune*	The Grapes of Wrath	A Peculiar Treasure	No vote	No vote
ROSAMUND MILNER, *Louisville Courier-Journal*	The Grapes of Wrath	Abraham Lincoln: The War Years	No vote	First Will and Testament
G. E. GOVAN, *Chattanooga Times*	The Web and the Rock	The Life and Times of William Howard Taft	America in Midpassage	Huntsman, What Quarry?
J. H. McGINNIS, *Dallas Morning News*	The Grapes of Wrath	Abraham Lincoln: The War Years	Statesmen of the Lost Cause	Huntsman, What Quarry?
MARY STAHLMAN DOUGLAS, *Nashville Banner*	The Grapes of Wrath	Thoreau	America in Midpassage	Huntsman, What Quarry?
CLYDE BECK, *Detroit News*	The Grapes of Wrath	Abraham Lincoln: The War Years	The Awakening of America	Collected Poems, Robert Frost
HELEN C. BOWER, *Detroit Free Press*	The Grapes of Wrath	Lincoln: The War Years	America in Midpassage	Huntsman, What Quarry?
DAVID H. APPEL, *Cleveland News*	The Grapes of Wrath	Lincoln: The War Years	America in Midpassage	Huntsman, What Quarry?
ROBERT BARLOW, *Pittsburgh Post-Gazette and other Paul Block Papers*	The Grapes of Wrath	Abraham Lincoln: The War Years	America in Midpassage	No vote
NAOMI BENDER, *Akron Beacon Journal*	The Grapes of Wrath	Abraham Lincoln: The War Years	America in Midpassage	No vote
CHRISTIN WALKER, *Columbus Dispatch*	The Grapes of Wrath	Abraham Lincoln: The War Years	America in Midpassage	Collected Poems, Robert Frost
GROVERMAN BLAKE, *Cincinnati Times-Star*	The Grapes of Wrath	Abraham Lincoln: The War Years	No vote	No vote
STERLING NORTH, *Chicago Daily News*	The Grapes of Wrath	Abraham Lincoln: The War Years	No vote	No vote
KENNETH HORAN, *Chicago Daily News*	The Nazarene	Thoreau	Victoria Royal	No vote
FANNY BUTCHER, *Chicago Tribune*	The Grapes of Wrath	Lincoln: The War Years	America in Midpassage	Huntsman, What Quarry?
JAMES GRAY, *St. Paul Dispatch-Pioneer Press*	The Grapes of Wrath	Abraham Lincoln: The War Years	America in Midpassage	Collected Poems, Mark Van Doren
DALE WILSON, *Milwaukee Journal*	The Grapes of Wrath	Abraham Lincoln: The War Years	The Heritage of America	Collected Poems, R. P. T. Coffin
W. M. REDDIG, *Kansas City Star*	The Grapes of Wrath	Thoreau	Abraham Lincoln: The War Years	Collected Poems, Mark Van Doren
ELIZABETH CLARKSON ZWART, *Des Moines Register*	The Grapes of Wrath	Abraham Lincoln: The War Years	No vote	No vote
KENNETH C. KAUFMAN, *Daily Oklahoman*	The Web and the Rock	Abraham Lincoln: The War Years	Propaganda for War	Collected Poems, Robert Frost
HAROLD D. CAREW, *Pasadena Star-News*	The Grapes of Wrath	Thoreau	The Awakening of America	The Moving Tide
PAUL JORDAN SMITH, *Los Angeles Times*	Artillery of Time	Abraham Lincoln: The War Years	The Awakening of America	America Was Promises
EDITORIAL STAFF, *Saturday Review*	The Grapes of Wrath	Thoreau	Abraham Lincoln: The War Years	Collected Poems, Mark Van Doren

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From "A Wanderer in Woodcuts," by H. Glintenkamp. (Farrar & Rinehart)

Orphans of Diplomacy

THE VALLEY OF EXILE. By L. F. Loveday Prior. New York: Harrison-Hilton Books, Inc. 1940. 420 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by JOHN SCOTT MABON

NEWSPAPER accounts of how thousands upon thousands of human beings have been uprooted and driven from their homelands in recent years have become so familiar that our mechanisms of sympathetic response are in danger of becoming tetanized, exhausted by repeated shocks. When the announcement was made some time ago that Signor Mussolini and Herr Hitler—the Savior of German Minorities—had "solved" the problem of South Tyrol by giving the inhabitants the choice of moving into the Reich or into southern Italy, probably few of us looked beyond the immediate irony presented by the contrast between the Fuehrer's actions and his fervent protestations.

Miss Prior's novel, like Peter Mendelssohn's "Across the Dark River," brings us up sharply with the realization of what such cynical political acts may mean in terms of human lives. "The Valley of Exile" does not deal with the exodus itself but with the period from 1935 to 1938 that preceded it. In those days expulsion was, in the minds of the South Tyrolers, a possibility too fearful to be admitted. "God help us!" exclaimed the old Count Feilmar. "We can survive everything but that." At that time it was the yoke of Italian rule that galled: the tyrannical prohibition of ancient Tyrolean customs and traditional festivals, the introduction of incompetent Italian schoolteachers for the deliberate purpose, the Tyrolers believed, of reducing them to ignorant peasantry, the imposition of the Italian language and Italian place names in the beautiful, mountainous country which for centuries had been the sacred land of a people whose heritage was part of their very fibre.

In the struggle against this alien domination the villagers of Felmaro di Sotto—the Torgglers, the Hubers, the Rainers, the Schierls—looked for leadership to Count Feilmar, an exemplar of aristocratic breeding and feudal responsibility at its very best. Miss Prior achieves a distinguished portrait in her description of this kindly, steely-willed old gentleman's friendly relations with the peasants—in talking with whom he abandoned high German for their native speech—his paternalistic interest in saving a servant girl from the consequences of her folly, his skillful tempering of restraint with boldness when dealing with a blustering Fascist *podesta* who held it in his power to detroy everything Count Feilmar was fighting to preserve for himself and for his people.

To the Count the book belongs, and it would have been better had Miss Prior left it to him unreservedly. The romance of his daughter Christina with an Italian diplomat provides a valid foil for the character of her old father, who believed that "there are some races one prefers to fight rather than to marry." But by the belated development of another love affair between the Count's son Alexis and a little Austrian baroness just at the time of the *Anschluss,* structure is sacrificed in the interest of mere patness. The novel scatters its fire.

Yet it hits the essential mark. Miss Prior brings warmly alive the gay, lovable, fiercely possessive people who have made the rugged mountains and fertile valleys of South Tyrol their home through hundreds of years of old-world history. She makes one understand how bitter a thing it is that this land should no longer be their own.

Anton Rubinstein Contest

Winners of the essay contest held in connection with the publication of "Free Artist," the story of Anton and Nicholas Rubinstein by Catherine Drinker Bowen, published by Random House, are: Miss Viola Oliver, first prize; Mr. Jerry Neprash, second prize; and Mrs. Gordon Chalmers, third prize.

Gloomy Clown

THE GREAT DEBUREAU. By Francis Kozik. New York: Farrar and Rinehart. 1940. 376 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by RICHARD LOCKRIDGE

MR. KOZIK'S novel is the new Czecho-Slovakian winner of the "All-Nations Prize Contest" which Robert Henriques's "No Arms, No Armour" won, deservingly, at a canter last year. Mr. Kozik tried harder than Mr. Henriques, and understandably accomplished less. He sought to picture a great clown whose name drifted faintly down through a century, and to give a picture of his times and of the animated society of Paris in a day when all literary figures who were not great were, at the least, wildly spectacular. And in the end, the clown fades into a gray background and disappears in sadness.

But before Debureau, and Mr. Kozik, succumb to their environment, there are moments of great fascination in the book. Mr. Kozik has consulted the not numerous authorities on the life of Jan Kaspar Dvorjak, who was born in Bohemia and called himself Jean Gaspard Debureau when he went to Paris. On those sources Mr. Kozik has built fictionized biography; how firmly I do not know, but often vividly. The story of the clown's life is substantial and real, and told with insight. It is a gloomy success story—the story of an awkward small boy in the grip of fate and family, tramping through French mud with the most haphazard of vagrant sideshows, forced to tricks for which he was unfitted and falling, sometimes all too literally, into a kind of obscure and transient greatness.

Debureau was always, one gathers, the gloomy clown so dear to the heart of romance and, as I remember it, of Gilbert Seldes, who clamorously announced that Charlie Chaplin was really the essence of tragedy. Debureau, who only once or twice spoke on the dirty little stage of the dirty little slum theater in which he grew to fame, must have been rather like Charlot. It was all pantomime and as difficult to describe in words as Chaplin's surely not dissimilar clowning. Mr. Kozik does not describe very clearly what Debureau did, but he does very often make the reader feel how he must have been.

But most of the book is both substantial and imaginative, and from those pages Debureau emerges in a manner not easy to forget. "The Great Debureau" would be a better novel if the author had been content with his hero and bothered less about the times.

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What Does Life Hold for Teachers?

MISS MUNDAY. By Sophia Engstrand. New York: Dial Press. 1940. 345 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by KENNETH HORAN

THE business girl leads her own life, but the teacher lives someone else's. That is the theme of Miss Munday's career. By reason of her own education, she resents the more elemental aspects of life, and wants rather to become a part of its cultural progress. In fact, her teacher's training has unfitted her for the life of a woman.

The little Wisconsin school teacher who could not digress from her profession is a more poignant heroine than, for instance, Kitty Foyle. She longs for a rich existence, but she can't seize her opportunities. It is impossible for her to choose between poverty, although it represents romance, and a fairly comfortable mode of life with school teaching as its horizon. She has been taught that the children under her care must not only be educated, but given principles of conduct as well. She conforms to the straightlaced mode of life of the villagers, while the P.T.A. and the principal's wife set the standards of polite behavior, not to say of ethics, so her days are spent in teaching and her evenings are spent in brooding on the narrowness of her outlook. She falls in love with the fisherman, Adam La Fonde, and she wants terribly to marry him. But she is first, last, and always the school teacher, and the struggle for a new world is lost by her own training.

So this subtle study of a woman's nature versus her imposed habits is more than just a school teacher's story. It is a contrast between a possible personal life, and a superficial mannered life. The mold which is set on that army of women who earn their livelihoods by teaching became Miss Munday's motive power, and in order to cast it off for her dreams, she would have had to deny all her training and her education.

The village, the good-looking, well-educated girl, who has put the accent on knowledge, the honorable and attractive young fisherman doomed to a work-with-your-hands existence, the busy, gossiping people, the indefatigable P.T.A., the irrepressible children, the boarding-house keeper who is worried if her teachers stay out after dark, all make a colorful group in this story of professions versus homes for women. It is the fate of such a one as Helen Munday that causes the ultimate wonder. For if a profession by force of its own power robs its members of the more elemental aspects of life, that profession is killing the wellsprings of its being. It does offer a certain future, fairly drab as age approaches, but on the other hand it snatches the rich opportunity of personal choice by its hollow forebodings. So that a really earnest schoolteacher never sees the importance of other ways of living.

When Helen Munday turned away from the linoleum-covered floor of Adam's cottage, she chose for herself a path of easy security, against that of perilous adventure. School teaching had made her choose, and school teaching would justify that choice in future years. The connotations of such conclusions are infinite.

This novel, which won the Dial Press Award for teachers, is distinguished because of its implications.

Kenneth Horan, a Chicago newspaper woman, is the author of "Remember the Day," an autobiography; "Oh, Promise Me," and a recent novel, "Night Bell."

The British Tramp Trade

WATCH BELOW. By William McFee. New York: Random House. 1940. 375 *pp.* $3.

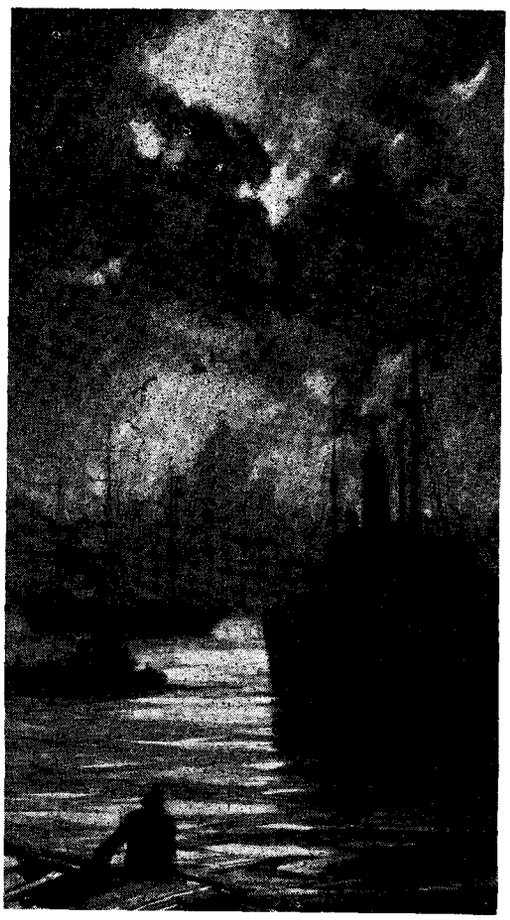
Reviewed by FLETCHER PRATT

WE have here the spectacle of Mr. William McFee exhibiting a case of perfect literary adaptability. He seems to have discovered or determined that he can write nothing well but personal narrative with the feelings and doings of the individual in the foreground. He had an assignment, either from his own mind or from the publishers, to do a book on the small tramp steamers which founded Britain's commercial hegemony between the coming of steam and the end of the George V era. The subject would not strike one at first glance as susceptible of narrative treatment. But Mr. McFee knows better; he opens with some charming personal memoirs of a waterfront boyhood; offers a few remarks (without statistics) on the underlying reasons for the growth of the British tramp trade—and is off, astride the well-broken nag of his ability to tell a tale.

The eyes before whom the tramp trade passes in review are those of a probably apochryphal cousin named Jim Barnes. As the main body of the book opens he is just leaving a preliminary course of machine-shop training to become the lowliest type of 'prentice engineer on a freighter. We have a view of Jim's home and family, what they eat and talk about, before being translated to the working departments of the said freighter. As it happens she is a hungry ship, under a captain who is a good deal of a scrooge. Jim doesn't mind—in fact, if the book has any central point, it is that men whose talents and energy would get them a good deal in shore jobs, men most various in all other particulars, will submit to bad food, long hours, low pay, and insecurity for the sake of going to sea.

Why? Jim makes his second's ticket and goes on another voyage in a better ship, with a skipper of a type opposite to the first one. This time we get a look into the intimate concerns and conversation of the other engineers and some of the deck officers—follow them through visits ashore, the day's work and accidents. The crew form no more than a Greek chorus; the contacts that impress are those with inanimate objects and the shore, or of the officers with each other. And in these contacts the reasons for seafaring are set forth with a wealth of complex detail—as are the human and mechanical elements of a service. Without conflict, without plot, without conclusion or conclusions, "Watch Below" is nevertheless a better record of life than most of the novels in print.

From end-papers of "Watch Below"



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Declassed Citizens

THE TRIUMPH OF WILLIE POND. By Caroline Slade. New York: Vanguard Press. 1940. 370 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by JAMES T. FARRELL

THIS is Caroline Slade's second book. Her first, "Sterile Sun," was a remarkable little book containing three fictionized case histories, written as stories, and telling us about prostitutes in their own language, and in the pattern of their own thoughts. The first of these stories, about a young girl named Sue, stands, in my estimation, among the finest of contemporary American short stories. While presenting these stories as if told by the girls themselves, Miss Slade, who is a retired social worker, reveals unobtrusively the pattern of social influence and social causation which drove them along a path ending in misery and disease.

Mrs. Slade's transparent honesty and sincerity set down nearly everything. She writes with an almost belligerent determination not to compromise with reality, not to spare details. While Mrs. Slade is at times technically careless, she possesses a most valuable kind of imagination. Her imagination functions in her ability to cast herself in the role of the other: in this case, *the other* is the submerged human being who classifies as belonging to "one third of a nation." Her ability to see as her characters see, to understand their bitterness, their ignorance, their irrationality, their quirks, and their attitudes shows a functioning of imagination in that precise realm where an author's imagination should function —in the understanding of other human beings. One of the primary tasks of the fiction writer is to create character. And that Mrs. Slade can and does achieve. Her characters are vividly and painfully real.

"The Triumph of Willie Pond" is a first novel. As such, it is a most impressive work. It tells us, in the story of the Pond family, what has been the moral cost of the economic crisis which has persisted in this country for more than ten years. What is happening to that "one third of a nation?" What is being done to them morally and psychologically? What are their attitudes? How, precisely, do they live? What is the day-by-day pattern of their lives, their fears, their hopes, their aspirations? What are their children like? Mrs. Slade understands what poverty means, and how it translates itself into the psychological processes of those human

Willie's triumph is an act of self-destruction.

beings who live in poverty. Thus, the Ponds are endlessly concerned with those aspects of human functioning and living which others take for granted and do not heed. Dirt, food, plumbing facilities, these all have a different meaning in a tenement from that in a middle class or wealthy home. They have a different meaning in the minds of tenement inhabitants, and Mrs. Slade describes poverty by revealing such meanings concretely.

Her novel is also rich in irony. She spares neither government nor social workers. In fact, she is most sharp in her descriptions of social workers. The Ponds are bossed by social workers, and dependent upon them. To the social workers, they are another file number. They must answer, and answer almost endlessly, personal questions, private questions, questions which humiliate them. As a matter of fact, Mrs. Slade's description of the role which social workers play in the lives of the Ponds tends to justify this writer's definition of many social workers: they are persons who have learned by scientific method at major universities how to ask poor people why they are poor. Despite the social workers, despite the poverty, the insecurity, the shiftlessness caused by dirt, sickness, and utter hopelessness, we see in the Ponds a normal American family, one which in different circumstances, would be decent, self-respecting, and self-supporting. Ironically, Willie Pond, declassed, and a WPA worker who earns ten to twelve dollars a week on which to support a family of nine, is more valuable to the community ill than he is well. When he is injured in an accident, he is discovered to be a TB. case. He is transferred to a sanitarium and two thousand dollars a year is expended to cure him. While he is in the sanitarium, the Pond family is transferred to a different relief bureau, and they are enabled to live in better circumstances. The mother is pensioned. The family manages its own budget, and regains its self respect. This will all stop when the father is cured. When he is returned to society whole in body, they will have to go back to the old way of life in a vermin-ridden apartment. Willie's triumph, to save his family, is an act of self destruction. Then, his fatherless children and widowed wife can continue living off of her pension. Society could not be more irrational when it produces such tragedies.

Much these days has been written about the American way of life. Here is a story of Americans, a story of some of the moral and psychological costs of our way of life. It is a story that cannot be ignored. Caroline Slade has given us, in this work, the articulate voice of that political football of election campaigns — "the forgotten man." In her pages, "the forgotten man" lives, talks, and suffers.

Germany's Iron Front

THE LIGHTS GO DOWN. By Erika Mann. Translated by Maurice Samuel. New York: Farrar & Rhinehart. 1940. 282 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by MARIANNE HAUSER

IT all happens in a small Bavarian town, in one of those charming, medieval places that we see depicted on the posters of the German tourist bureau: winding streets, bubbling fountains; old, gabled houses, dreaming backwards. A stranger walks through the benighted streets. What's wrong with Germany? It's a beautiful country. Even the red flag with the swastika looks gay and pretty. Then two Stormtroopers pop out of the enchanted calmness, asking him harshly why he doesn't listen in to the Führer's radio speech. The stranger, who fortunately is a foreigner, grows slightly disturbed. And later, after he has watched people in a restaurant and talked to a taxicab-driver, his dream of a lovely Germany has vanished. During his sleep the town transforms itself into a grim nightmare.

We suppose the stranger will pack his things and take the next boat home. His nightmare is the real Germany, the sick Germany behind the

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gentle beauty of blue hills and Gothic cathedrals, Erika Mann shows us through the Bavarian town in bright daylight. In ten chapters, which are pleasantly illustrated by John O'Hara Cosgrave's drawings, she gives us a picture of what happens to the middle-class German in an average German town. Miss Mann sets to work with the same determined spirit that shaped her recent books on Nazi

Pinchot

Erika Mann

Germany. Her aim is to reveal the truth behind the iron front of the Hitler regime. Her writing is frankly propagandistic, and her book, as she explains, is a book of facts. What happens to a priest, a doctor, a mother, a sailor, a newspaperman, a stormtrooper, is told in the form of true stories. Miss Mann decided "on telling true stories of a truly average character that happened to perfectly average people who were neither particularly powerful nor particularly heroic."

Her true stories are based on documentary material, on statistics, letters, reports from reliable witnesses, and personal experience. We do not mind the propagandistic tone of the book. Good, hot indignation and sarcasm, as expressed in Storm Jameson's recent novel, can be as valuable and constructive as calm objectivity. The disappointing part about Miss Mann's book is the slight, often careless manner in which she has dressed up her facts. Perhaps she has done so to give to her stories a popular ring, and reach a wider audience. Her material is interesting, her human attitude beyond questioning. Yet, while we read her book we felt at times as if we read one of those "true stories" in popular magazines, which are also based on facts, and also made more palatable by means of heartthrobs and cheap effects.

It takes a brilliant writer to present straight facts and tell a good story at the same time. We wish Miss Mann had made less concessions to the so called popular taste. Her stories would be better stories, and better propaganda, too.

Pursuit of a Stag

THE LAST HUNT. By Maurice Genevoix. New York: Random House. 1940. 281 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by CARROLL MUNRO

MAURICE GENEVOIX has written a strange book. "The Last Hunt" is concerned primarily with the pursuit of a magnificent red stag in one of the few remaining national forests in France. It is a tight book so intimately authentic that even the most fastidious hunter will find no excuse for carping. And it is a strange book for many, many reasons.

Man's successful pursuit of a wild beast with a pack of hounds is an incomparable three act drama in itself. Unfortunately, too many literary geldings in the past have drenched this magnificent sport with tears of pity for the hunted, so virginal, so wet, so deep it is a wonder they haven't drowned every virile hunter this side of Moscow. Maurice Genevoix dampens his pages with no such sentimentality. That's not to say he doesn't take the reader with terror in his heart across the swamp through the bracken, and over the hill with the hunted stag.

In turn, Monsieur Genevoix holds with the hounds and runs with Red, the superb stag whose life is unfolded from the suckling teat to the breathless moment when, in the flower of virility, this ten tyned beast is at last brought to earth for the kill. And for those readers who quite willingly would destroy five million men to rid the world of a tyrant but who cannot stand to hear a sparrow chirp in pain, let it be said that La Futaie, the implacable Master of the Hunt, kills, with joy and also with the sorrowful knowledge that to spare the admirable stag would traverse the honor of the chase. On the other hand there is Grenou, the poacher, the merciless and mercenary killer whose urge to slaughter the wild beasts of the forest is only surpassed by his cunning woodsman's lore. Two men and a wonderful stag and in the shadows women with soft white hands who ride to hounds and get in on the kill for reasons known only to themselves. Amongst them and around them Genevoix weaves the quivering thread of the wild beast's life. When finally the hunter's knife impales the spent bosom of the quarry more than the does in the forest of Orfosses are widowed.

Monsieur Genevoix, winner of the Prix Goncourt in 1925, makes his American debut with "The Last Hunt."

AS THE REVIEWER SEES "PARIS GAZETTE"

(*Continued from page* 5)

pretty Corinne, whose spirit "guide" never overlooks an opportunity; the comprehending but uncompromising Maria. . . .

Strands of all these lives are interwoven, and it is the journal of the refugees, the "Paris Gazette," which tangles and untangles them. They are twisted in party cabals and personal intrigues, in fine-spun subtlety and sudden action. Too intricate to outline, the book is full of incidents which are overwhelmingly tragic and incredibly ironic, events which are grotesque, and flashes which are superbly comic. Either as plain fact or colored fiction, nothing could be funnier than the travesty on law which centers about the Jewish Hutzler of Hüttenbach, whose brown trousers, insufficiently dyed, were mistaken for those of a storm trooper. (Trautwein's dry report of the consequences sheds a more illuminating light on the swollen inferiority complex of the Nazis than volumes of analysis.) For those who see the present conflict as a struggle to preserve the freely uttered word, to maintain the right to experiment, and to protect the urge of uninhibited creation, this book will have special significance. There are unforgettable passages ranging from agonized cynicism to desperate hope.

One may question some of Feuchtwanger's conclusions—it would be asking too much to expect him to remain unbiassed—but one cannot challenge his implications. The situation he pictures has far-reaching effects; the threatening tentacles are closing in everywhere. But this, as has been indicated, is first of all a book of people. These people move in a double world of inner foreboding and outer fear. They are torn between political terrorism and the growing canker of poverty. Behind the dual struggle is the ever-present and even greater disaster: the disease of exile in a country approaching war. With an absorbing set of characters, Feuchtwanger has created his most dramatic work: an epic *in petto;* an agitated panorama on a small but vividly crowded canvas.

The translation by the Muirs is, as might be expected, sharp, idiomatic, and practically flawless. In style as well as in sensibility, it takes an author to catch an author.

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thograph by Barbara Burrage (The Kleemann Galleries)
"Coal Town"

The Disinherited

PILGRIMS ON THE EARTH. By Margaret Marchand. New York: The Thomas Y. Crowell Co. 1940. 350 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by JOSEPHINE W. JOHNSON

THIS story of the Irish mill workers in a steel town near Pittsburgh is a pleasant, surprisingly gentle story, flawlessly written as far as consistency in style goes, and with unexpurgated Irish humor to add salt wherever too much sweet sentimentality is being served.

Leath Slane, "birthed when a furnace blowed red fire," is the bastard daughter of Doon Slane who had come from Ireland with her parents Tim and Anise, lured on by the promises of a new and better land. "Pilgrims on the Earth" is not a story of industrial conflict, although in the end the Irish are locked from the mills and new workers, Poles and Slovaks, brought in to work for lower wages. . . . "And within the house the tinmen might have been asking themselves, "Shall we all die in faith, not having received our promises?"

A powerful novel could have been written around that theme—"Shall we die in faith, not having received our promises?" but "Pilgrims on the Earth" is more in the nature of an idyl, style and treatment setting its people apart in a world that is not our world, a world it is true, where there is hope and suffering, death and injustice, patience and violence, but seeming almost as in a dream. The murder of Leath's father, Brian Quinn, the bitterness between the Catholics and Protestants, the suicide of Doon, and even the year of starvation after the mills were closed in which the people lived off of Anise Slane's hoarded gold (at six per cent interest)—even these things do not move one more than might the telling of a very ancient legend—too remote for pain.

Why this is, it is difficult to say, since the elements of a strong and moving story are present. Each character is carefully done, differentiated and credible enough, human enough—yet somehow one is reminded vaguely of the prince, the princess, and the old witch of the fairy tale. Up to the last, to the comparatively weak and conventionally happy ending, the people are characters and we have not been sufficiently persuaded or enthralled enough, to accept them as human beings. They move as legendary figures in a rather sad though lovely play.

Josephine W. Johnson is the author of the Pulitzer Prize-winning novel, "Now in November."

AS THE AUTHOR SEES "PARIS GAZETTE"

(*Continued from page* 5)

How it came about that we did not draw this conclusion, why most of us did not even wish to do so, and why the few who were capable of interpreting the trend of events held their hands, that is what this trilogy tries to make credible to later generations: the wretchedness, the bitterness, the craziness, the heroism of our whole existence during the long period of waiting. For the available records of these years, however full they may be and however intelligently edited, will hardly explain themselves to posterity without some such assistance as I have tried to give in "The Waiting-Room." The unique atmosphere of a transitional period is not easy to comprehend, that curious atmosphere in which we have been living, caught between two worlds that impinge upon and yet repel each other. So I have shown how helplessly we struggled in these years to cling to the old even while longing for the new, how much we feared the new even while recognising it as desirable, how we kept on vacillating between hope and apprehension. I wanted to portray not so much people and events as the forces moving behind them, forces unrecognized, or at least unacknowledged, by the people themselves: that is to say, by us.

I was well aware that such an attempt, quite apart from any doubts of my own capacity to carry it out, was bound to involve me in difficulties. For in a time of transition heart and head are often at variance. One's feelings often yearn for things that reason finds inadmissible, and vice versa. In these circumstances the artist dare not misrepresent his material; his presentation of it must be ruthlessly frank. Simply because his own heart and head may be at variance, he must be careful to suppress neither. Both elements must be accounted for and fused into the whole if he is to avoid giving false impressions.

For instance, I had to be careful not to suppress any sympathy I might feel for individual characters even though my reason disapproved of them as harmful to society. Nor could I leave out the pleasant amenities of a social order that yet seemed to me perverse and wrong. Nor dared I gloss over the unpleasant qualities of characters who were in my opinion useful and praiseworthy members of society. To do so would have been artistically false as well as morally wrong: it would have shown irresponsibility; it would have invalidated my work. I knew that I could not allow myself the smallest lapse into dishonesty, the slightest avoidance of whatever was contradictory in our epoch. If I were to transmit to my contemporaries and to posterity a sense of what it was like to live in our age, I dared not try to force that age into any one mould.

And, of course, I was well aware from the beginning that anyone seeking to portray our age ran the risk of having his vision distorted by political passion, by prejudices and catch-words of the year, the month, even of the day. The author of a work such as I had in mind needed, I knew, a sharp eye for detail and yet dared not for a moment lose sight of the general trend of events. Whether my courage both of heart and eye has been sufficient for such an undertaking I do not know, but I do know that I have endeavored throughout to keep my vision free from prejudice.

I think that many people who reproached me for distorting and exaggerating reality in the first two novels of this trilogy would now acknowledge that, if anything, I rather under-stated the facts. In England especially I was accused of painting much too black a picture. But anyone who reads these novels again today will admit that this reproach was undeserved.

Indeed, the outbreak of war has shed a new and fiercer light upon the whole of my trilogy. The people and the events I set myself from the beginning to treat historically have now

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actually become historical, for all time. We are now sufficiently remote from them to see them in perspective as a whole. And so it is now possible to perceive with the utmost clearness whether the account of them presented in this trilogy of mine has life in it or is a mere construction. I believe that my work can stand the test.

But of course I must beg the reader not to look at my characters as if they were men and women of 1940. I should like to suggest that during the period at issue, from 1919 to 1939, there is not one of us who did not at times hold opinions which we should not care to sponsor today, that many of our utterances and our actions during that time have been invalidated by the outbreak of this war. And so it would not be fair to my characters to regard them from the standpoint of 1940; they must be judged as one judges past history, with a sympathy unperverted by immediate interests.

One word more about the technique of these three novels. Perhaps I was over-confident when I set out to write the first of them as if I were writing in the year 2000. And I probably went to the other extreme in the second novel, allowing myself in certain chapters to be too strongly influenced by immediate impressions, so that these chapters became too naturalistic, too photographic for the kind of composition I had in mind. This novel consequently ("The Oppermanns") is the least successful of the three from my point of view; it shows the fewest traces of that historical character which every good contemporary novel should possess. In "Paris Gazette," however, I think I have struck the happy medium between the over-confidence of "Success" and the timidity which made me content with long passages of naturalistic description in "The Oppermanns."

Now that "Paris Gazette" has brought my cycle of novels to a provisional close, I believe that the design of the whole structure should be apparent to the reader. And since the span of that structure coincides in time with the span of actual events, since the outbreak of war coincides with the end of my period, it can be said at least that the actual truth of fact does not contradict the ideal truth I have tried to portray.

I myself am deeply convinced that the grotesque and bloody drama now being played out on the stage of the world will end in the triumph of reason over unreason. I am convinced that the outcome of this war will enable me to return to Germany and make it possible for me to add a final pendant to the trilogy of "The Waiting-Room," an epilogue entitled "Return."

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Right-Middle Plan

THIS UNBALANCED WORLD. By Elmer C. Bratt. New York: Harper & Bros. 1940. 220 *pp., with index.* $2.50.

Reviewed by DAVID CUSHMAN COYLE

DR. BRATT has written this book to promote the idea that capital investment will be considerably less irregular if long-term forecasts of industrial growth can be made available. One would find it hard to quarrel with this thesis, though it may raise questions, especially among business men, about the possibility of obtaining trustworthy forecasts. It is at this point that the chief value of Dr. Bratt's discussion appears to lie.

The discussion deals largely with the use of facts and trends that are already in existence, and that are bound to have their effects upon the future. For example, the number of young workers passing their eighteenth birthday for the next eighteen years can be closely predicted, since they have already been born. Similarly, the principal inventions of new consumer goods, such as television and air-conditioning, which will be developed in the next twenty years, can be observed in their present infancy, since new inventions seldom become important in less than twenty years after their first visibility. For shorter periods, Dr. Bratt believes, a considerable body of useful knowledge might be brought together to estimate the future of any industry.

The present productive capacity of an industry can be roughly estimated, though as Dr. Gardiner Means has found, an attempt to approach a rational definition of capacity leads to complex questions. The physical condition and age of plants can be measured, and where technological development is not too irregular, some idea of the progress of obsolescence may be projected a few years ahead. Many industries can probably obtain reasonably good estimates of the geographical location of future demand. Obviously, these estimates need not be extremely close in order to be valuable as guides to the amount of new construction needed and when it is likely to be needed. Some industries, of course, will need none until demand for their products has increased and depreciation has progressed for some time.

In view of the thesis of Dr. Bratt's book, any criticism of his desultory outline of general economics seems to be of little consequence. He has a commendable dislike of monopoly price policies, and like many conservatives he favors conservation in principle.

National economic planning can include anything from Stalin at one extreme to Eccles at the other, with the National Resources Planning Board just right of center. Dr. Bratt comes in the right-middle area, with his plan for setting up general roadmaps of progress, and leaving private business men to use the map and make their own decisions.

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Magnificent Panic

THE INVASION FROM MARS. By Hadley Cantril. Princeton: Princeton University Press. 1940. 228 *pp., with index.* $2.50.

Reviewed by JUNE HYND

ON October 30, 1938 a contingent of supermen from Mars were invited to visit the earth. The host was the actor-playwright Orson Welles, whose sole purpose was to present to the public a highly fantastic drama for Hallowe'en. The play, in which the Martian Monsters were characters, was an adaptation of H. G. Wells's "The War of the Worlds," broadcast by The Mercury Theatre over the Columbia Broadcasting System.

The surprise element, which surpassed even the excellence of the performance, was the unrehearsed pandemonium which took place when one million listeners misinterpreted the weird tale for fact. A frightened and hysterical public bombarded the broadcasting headquarters, the Federal Communications Commission, their local police headquarters, and newspaper offices with telephone calls, letters, and wires. Here was an unparalleled news story that supplied the press with headlines and human interest stories for days.

What was there about this particular broadcast that so played upon the emotions of the listeners that groups gathered in prayer, men jumped out of windows, and families deserted their homes in search of safety?

In his book "The Invasion from Mars," Professor Hadley Cantril uses public reaction to this broadcast as the basis for a psychological study of behavior in panic.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE AFFAIR OF THE CIRCUS QUEEN *Clifford Knight* (Dodd, Mead: $2.)	Gorilla blamed for 2 deaths on circus steamer. Then ape expires, and Huntoon Rogers forces hand of adroit criminal.	Novel variation on nautical species of crime yarn. Manila and islands of Pacific make exotic background for high tension tale.	Good
RAFFLES AND THE KEY MAN *Barry Perowne* (Lippincott: $2.)	Master mind who uses escaped English criminals for own fell purposes finally squelched by Raffles and detective Leroy.	Perennial amateur cracksman and pal Bunny act as stage props for average yarn of murder, robbery and general villainy.	Diverting
MURDER IN SILENCE *George Selmark* (Crime Club: $2.)	Elderly English parson weds young chorine thus starting succession of horrid crimes that have Scotland Yards at wits end.	Giggling killer guaranteed to make blood run cold, even if yarn is fantastic and overloaded with wickedness.	Shuddery

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The clever technique of the broadcast was found to be greatly responsible for its misconception. The use of actual names of places, such as Trenton, Princeton, and the Pulaski Highway, created an atmosphere of realism. The announcer's role, written with a purposeful natural hesitancy gave the impression he was bewildered by the scene enacted before his eyes. Flash news announcements, given credence by opinions from "experts" (professors and scientists fictionized for the occasion), added an authenticity that easily fooled an audience which had come to depend upon radio and its commentators as reliable messengers of the news.

Professor Cantril's study points out that during the weeks preceding, the public had learned to accept program interruptions for war scare news flashes; that the pillaging in Europe had put them in a frame of mind to accept any catastrophe. Economic, political and social insecurity over a ten-year period encouraged susceptibility because standards of judgment had become warped.

In cases where listeners—college student and truck driver alike—enjoyed the play for what it was, and didn't mistake it for truth, it was because they depended on their critical abilities and specific knowledge of the subject matter.

While "The Invasion from Mars" deals specifically with mass reaction incited by a broadcast, it has a much broader scope—it is a study of the deportment of human beings in a panic, which might include all of us.

I'M FROM MISSOURI

(*Continued from page 4*)

sented with effective seriousness and intensity.

Churchill's novels rest heavily upon a Missouri background, but like the works of Twain, Field, Sara Teasdale, and so many others, they were written outside the state. It is easy enough to say of these writers, however, that birth and a residence for many years in the state entitle them to consideration as "Missourians." Of Twain and Field and Churchill one may also cite evidences of Missouri in their actual writings. So it is with Churchill's contemporary, Augustus Thomas, one time "Dean of American Dramatists," who began his play writing career in his native St. Louis with such obvious native themes as "The Member from Ozark" and "In Mizzoura." But by this principle of classification, what shall we do with Sara Teasdale, for example, whose "Helen of Troy" and "Flame and Shadow" are certainly not Missourian by subject matter or by place of authorship? Still, further, what shall we say of T. S. Eliot or Paul Elmer More, who seem to reveal much more the significance of England or New England than of Missouri? The accident of birth alone qualifies them in a list of Missourians. By this test, other Missourians are Rupert Hughes, Alice Corbin Henderson, Marianne Moore, and Langston Hughes. A current outline book of "contemporary American literature," lists ten "Missourians," Akins, Churchill, Eliot, Henderson, Hughes, Hurst, Johns, Moore, More, and Teasdale, of whom all but Hughes and Miss Akins were born in St. Louis.

If the average reader, however, were asked to name Missouri authors, his first thought might very well be of a man who came into Missouri from another birthplace, to demonstrate what a "best seller" really can be. Literally millions of readers have shared the emotional heart-throbs of Harold Bell Wright's characters. An undiscovered country became fictional material in his phenomenally successful "Shepherd of the Hills." Now, every corner of that southwest Missouri area is identified with landmarks from "The Shepherd of the Hills," and the Ozarks have achieved literary, linguistic, and historical recognition. Missouri adopted the author of "The Calling of Dan Matthews," "That Printer of Udell's," and "The Winning of Barbara Worth."

The Ozarks are Missouri's twentieth century discovery. "The Little Fiddler of the Ozarks," "Ozark Post-Office," "Hill Billy," "A Daughter of the Ozarks," "A Drama of the Hills," and "From an Ozark Holler" are a few of the many available titles. Civilization and literature have at last caught up with the "Shepherd of the Hills country." Its Ozark "mountains" are a hilly land of some thousands of square miles extending southward from the Missouri River well down into Arkansas. Populated in a scattered fashion by "hill billies," whose living habits, folk lore, and language suggests the Tennessee mountaineers, this land has at last become popular for fiction and for studies of speech and folk-ways.

And so, after Twain and the St. Louis writers and the Ozarks, we come to the present. With a long and yet not especially impressive history behind her, Missouri has had no literary "renaissance," no mid-Western "revolt," no defiance to the East, and no regionalism to insist upon. There are no Hamlin Garlands or Sinclair Lewises, and no "back to the village or farm" movements. Literature is neither a new thing, nor particularly a product of state self-consciousness. Homer Croy, it is true, has made a Missouri mule the "hero" of a recent novel. Mrs. John Gasparotti's ("Elizabeth Seifert") "Young Doctor Galahad" and Jack Conroy's novels and proletarian magazine, *The New Anvil,* have focused some notice on Moberly, Missouri. Kansas Citians Courtney Riley Cooper, Louise Abney, Paul Wellman, Henry Haskell, and others have helped their city to some current literary repute. Herbert Asbury, a bishop's son, came nearer to shocking his fellow-Missourians than most writers ever do. Veterans Carl Crow, George Creel, Glenn Frank, Temple Bailey, and Rose O'Neill, and aspiring newcomers like Josephine Johnson and Martha Gellhorn have made various small splashes in the literary pond.

Eugene Richard Page is a native of Iowa, who lived in New York and Pennsylvania for ten years before 1936, *when he became Professor of English in Central College, Fayette, Missouri.*

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THE NEW BOOKS

Biography

THE PRIVATE AND PUBLIC LIFE OF SOCRATES. By Rene Kraus. Doubleday, Doran. 1940. 387 *pp.* $3.

Besides the caricature in "The Clouds," we have two portraits of Socrates; and it may not be too fanciful to say that the Memorabilia of Xenophon, showing Socrates as he struck a matter of fact contemporary, represents his public life, while the witty drinking companion and sublime speculator of the Platonic dialogues shows Socrates in his private life. But those are not the two sides that are brought together here, for this is almost entirely the Socrates of Xenophon; he is patriotic, serious, and even gloomy over the way Athens is going, ready to serve on campaign or apply the socratic method equally in the hope of helping his country; but there is here all too little of either his humor or his philosophy. The book does of course treat Socrates both as a public figure, and as the husband of Xanthippe and the lover of Alcibiades; but its name seems to have been chosen with reference to such similar titles as "The Private Life of Helen of Troy," which was plainly a comic extravaganza, or "The Private Lives of Elizabeth and Essex," which was plainly an imaginative tragedy—it seems to have been chosen, that is, as a warning not to take the book too seriously. For the author is trying to keep two balls in the air: he is attempting a sympathetic reconstruction of the actual life of his hero, and also to write an ironic allegory of modern times in the history of Athens and Sparta, showing how a liberal democracy in conflict with fascism becomes itself a dictatorship.

To this end, all his words are chosen to imply a parallel with the New Deal; Pericles is "the President," the Areopagus is "the Supreme Court," even the Delphic Oracle is explained as "the Vatican of the time." Even a reader who knows no Greek history must suspect that no parallel can be as exact as that; while any one familiar with the background, the conquests by which the allies were forced to remain within the Delian League (what, if one were Mr. Kraus, one might call the War between the States) may object that the expenditure under Pericles was less like relief after a crash than like the easy money of the gilded age of a post-war boom. This would not matter in a book that was plainly a satiric extravaganza; but this has not the brilliant touch necessary to carry off such a fantasia; it is earnest, right-thinking, and heavy-handed, like its Socrates.

B. D.

Fiction

WOLVES AGAINST THE MOON. By Julia Cooley Altrocchi. Macmillan. 1940. 572 *pp.* $2.75.

This is an exciting and colorful narrative, half history and half fiction. Parts of "Wolves against the Moon" reads like a popular history of the settling of Canada. Parts of it read like a rather hectic melodrama. Like most books which are history in the form of a novel, or a novel in the form of history, it does again and again fall between the two stools.

The story opens in Quebec on New Year's Eve of 1794. We are introduced to a languid appearing youth who is to be the hero of the piece. He is a stock figure out of Sabbatini. So also is the villain, and the proud beauty who later makes havoc in many lives.

Joseph Bailly, the hero, declines to live luxuriously and is determined to go out into the wilderness and make his way among men. Furs were the golden lure of that day. He ventures out in to the North country, makes successful trading, encounters the villain, and after various turns of fortune marries a half-breed Indian girl. She is the least credible figure in this story. She had a French father and an Indian mother. The mother disgusted with the treachery of the whites goes back to her people and takes the daughter Marie with her. Later we encounter Marie speaking "exquisite French" and holding her own in a catty encounter with a rival. This is terribly near to the old romances in which the untutored heroines put haughty dowagers and sharp-tongued rivals to rout.

Joseph Bailly lives happily enough with his half Indian wife, has charming children, prospers, takes large part in the settling of western regions, fights with Indians, becomes an American citizen after the peace between England and the States, and generally behaves in magnificent manner.

The novel is filled with bloodshed and suspense, but in these particulars

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Of misinterpreting . . . . . .
By misinterpreting, evil ensues.
What of my dross thou findest here, be bold
To throw away, but yet preserve the gold.
What if my gold be wrapped up in ore?
None throws away the apple for the core.

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the author but follows history. Maybe the thrillers were closer to history than we ever believed, or else the author felt that this bloody and thrilling history of the settling of Canada did not have sufficient interest of its own to stand without dressing up.

H. B.

Science

THE ROAD TO MODERN SCIENCE. By H. A. Reason. Appleton-Century. 1940. 297 pp., with index. $3.

The learning of science by each individual student must to some extent repeat the historical sequence. Former text-books followed this path explicitly and thus included the names and ideas of the great men of each science. Today they are often omitted, partly because science now looks to application rather than to tradition, and partly because laboratory methods of instruction permit the student to make his observations directly. He may repeat classical experiments but he does not know it.

For such students Miss Reason supplies the historical point of view in brief sketches that reach back to the dawn of civilization and extend into the nineteenth century. Chemistry ends with Wohler in 1828, electricity with Maxwell in 1879, astronomy with Bunsen in the seventies, biology with Mendel in the eighties. A very short chapter covers the modern concepts and a few recent names.

Miss Reason has been a teacher of science in the secondary schools of England and her book is excellent reading as a supplement to a high school course in science. It supplies a perspective that is usually absent. It is authentic, both historically and scientifically, but so vast a field is covered in so few pages that both the men and subjects can only be sketched as if in charcoal. For the non-scientific adult it has a human touch and is a valuable footnote to history.

G. W.

ANSWERS TO QUIZ No. 14

1. "Ferdinand," by Munro Leaf.

2. The Empress of Blandings, in "Fish Preferred," and other stories by P. G. Wodehouse.

3. Babe, the Blue Ox, from the Paul Bunyan legends collected by James Stevens.

4. Mehitabel, in "Archy and Mehitabel," by Don Marquis.

5. "Moby Dick," by Herman Melville.

6. "Sredni Vashtar," by Saki.

7. "Perri," by Felix Salten.

8. "Rikki-tikki-tavi," by Rudyard Kipling.

9. Zenobia, in "Zenobia's Infidelity," by H. C. Bunner.

10. Flag, in "The Yearling," by Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings.

PERSONALS

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Double-Crostics: No. 318

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

1-P	2-Y	3-K		4-W	5-D		6-C	7-W	8-F		9-O	10-Q	11-U	12-C		13-B
14-N	15-X		16-U	17-Y	18-L	19-B	20-T	21-J	22-P	23-Q	24-R		25-X	26-V	27-U	28-M
	29-P	30-U	31-Y	32-H	33-E		34-K	35-F		36-P	37-T	38-Z	39-V		40-M	41-L
42-Z	43-C		44-Q	45-F	46-L		47-F	48-R	49-B	50-A	51-S	52-E	53-Z	54-H	55-X	56-G
57-T		58-M	59-S		60-P	61-H	62-Y	63-X	64-G	65-L	66-A	67-K	68-C	69-I	70-E	
71-C	72-J	73-N		74-S	75-F	76-B	77-X	78-C		79-D	80-Y		81-Y	82-Q	83-Z	
84-N	85-Z	86-U	87-J	88-A	89-Q	90-R	91-H	92-L	93-S	94-T	95-X	96-M	97-B		98-F	99-J
	100-H	101-X	102-V	103-Q	104-S		105-R	106-I	107-P	108-Q	109-E	110-U		111-V	112-E	113-N
	114-A	115-U	116-D	117-S	118-O	119-R	120-W	121-B	122-Q	123-X		124-F	125-K		126-K	127-N
	128-G	129-Q	130-K	131-H	132-U		133-M	134-S	135-Y	136-E	137-F	138-N	139-A		140-N	141-A
	142-Y	143-W		144-E	145-D	146-A		147-H	148-V	149-W	150-I		151-Y	152-N	153-D	
154-S	155-U	156-C	157-K	158-N	159-W	160-G	161-X	162-P	163-D		164-Y	165-A	166-T	167-J		168-L
169-D		170-J	171-Q	172-E		173-T	174-Y	175-D	176-S		177-O	178-V	179-J		180-W	181-E
	182-R	183-K	184-I	185-C												

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-six words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1938 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 20 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Cast off as an incumbrance.

B. Judge of the Dead (Egypt).

C. None too soon (2 wds.)

D. Death or mortification.

E. Danish national flag.

F. Sense of well being.

G. Scottish inventor (1736-1819).

H. Father of the prophet Samuel.

I. Hero of "The Hairy Ape."

J. Rubbed or worn away.

K. Strengthening; tonic.

L. Character in "Othello."

M. Character in "Measure for Measure."

N. Posthumous poem by Clough.

O. Make bland or smooth.

P. Large, powerful dog.

Q. Native (sb.)

R. Apprise.

S. Lacking confidence.

T. Old name for China.

U. Not paid (debt).

V. Layer, flake.

W. Conventional pastoral character.

X. Not intentional.

Y. Reason discursively.

Z. American poet and critic (1888—).

WORDS

114	139	141	146	66	50	165	88					
19	49	121	13	76	97							
78	71	12	43	6	68	156	185					
5	153	163	175	145	169	79	116					
33	136	112	144	172	52	109	181	70				
8	137	47	45	98	35	124	75					
128	160	56	64									
147	54	131	61	32	91	100						
150	106	69	184									
99	21	87	170	72	179	167						
130	157	126	34	3	183	67	125					
46	18	168	92	41	65							
96	28	133	58	40								
113	140	84	138	127	158	152	14	73				
177	118	9										
60	22	29	107	162	1	36						
103	108	89	10	23	171	44	82	129	12			
105	48	182	90	119	24							
154	93	74	59	51	176	134	104	117				
20	37	94	173	166	57							
115	11	132	155	30	86	27	110	16				
39	111	102	26	178	148							
180	7	120	159	143	4	149						
101	15	25	95	77	161	55	63	123				
164	174	81	62	2	135	142	80	31	151	17		
83	38	53	85	42								

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TRADE WINDS

P. E. G. QUERCUS

WE were saddened by the death of the distinguished historian H. A. L. Fisher, the result of injuries when knocked down in London by a motor truck. We have heard no details, but presume it may have been during the blackout. ☞It seems tragically symbolic of the fate of scholarship in the present era. ☞While Minister of Education, in the darkest days of the first world war, Mr. Fisher introduced the bill for a national system of schooling which is said to have raised the public I. Q. of Britain very considerably. ☞If you wish to see his urbane and acute mind at work, examine his spoofing of Bertie Russell in an essay called "A Philosopher's Paradise," reprinted in Fisher's last book *Pages from the Past.* ☞Mr. Fisher had been for 15 years Warden of New College, Oxford, where he succeeded good old Canon Spooner, the unintentional inventor of spoonerisms. ☞Speaking of Oxford, we often wonder if the Oxford Press ever corrected a grand horder in Harvey's *Companion to English Literature* where it allotted to Wordsworth's sister the birth and death dates of Wordsworth's daughter. ☞We were grateful to read that our old friend Harold W. Thompson, author of *Body, Boots, & Britches,* escaped the tragic wreck of the Lake Shore Limited without serious injury. ☞This year's Booksellers' Convention will take place at Hotel Pennsylvania, N. Y. C., May 12-15. The speakers for Book and Author Night will be Sholem Asch, Mortimer Adler, John Kieran, and Irita Van Doren.

★ ★

☞William Edwin Rudge (New Haven, Conn.) announces *Print,* a quarterly journal of the graphic arts. Sponsored by John Taylor Arms, Carl P. Rollins, Ray Nash, Robert L. Dothard, the magazine will deal with every phase of fine printing from rare books to advertising and wallpaper. ☞The kind of oversight that bothers Old Q. in detective stories is, for example, when Carter Dickson in *Bowstring Murders* puts his characters aboard a train "from Charing Cross to Suffolk." ☞The only way to go to Suffolk by train is surely from Liverpool Street? ☞Walter Winchell was very much astonished when a lecturer at Adelphi College, Long Island, instanced him as an example of the enlivening influence William Hazlitt had upon journalism; even upon those who probably never read him. ☞The modern journalist (Duranty, wasn't it?) who said *I Write As I Please* was unconsciously quoting Hazlitt's "I think as I please and I say what I think."

★ ★

☞For our private treasury of radio goofiana we have saved the announcer on WHN one evening last week who said "Dewey charged that Business has been treated as a scrapgoat." ☞Another radio gem is the unfortunate lad who pronounced *Chasseurs* (viz., the French Alpine troops), as *Shayzures.* ☞Excitements of that sort are the only pleasures an old man has left. ☞The U. S. Army Engineers have invented machine-barges to clear the Gulf bayous and creeks of blue water-hyacinth, which clogs propellers and causes much nuisance. ☞In the same way the modern mechanized and scientific teachers have dredged the channels of poetry free of the cloying root-systems of simple lyric beauty. If you never examined a modern textbook of literature, do so: you'll be astounded. ☞Columbia University Press is amused by W. H. Auden's definition of a professor, "one who talks in someone else's sleep."

★ ★

☞Peter Pauper Press announces four new titles in its series of $2 reprints limited to 1450 copies each. They are *The Mikado, Ballades & Lyrics of Villon, Epigrams from the Greek Anthology,* and *A Patriotic Anthology.* Of the last they say, "War, like love, brings out the best in poets," a thesis debatable? ☞Sir Nevile Henderson tells in his *Failure of a Mission* that in the September 1938 crisis he had to spend five days in the diplomatic train at Nuremberg, without writing materials. To send a special message to London by plane he used blank pages torn from detective stories. We have tried through diplomatic channels to learn what the stories were, but without success. ☞The Rosenbach Company at its Philadelphia gallery is showing a collection of historical documents relating to the assassination of Lincoln and other extraordinary events of April, 1865.

★ ★

☞Jonathan Latimer's *Dark Memory* is a readable yarn for the hard-boiled. It may be a bit savage for the tender sort, but it should do to the stag line what *Rebecca* did to the lady readers. This novel has the old cajole in high gear. It's as filling as a Philadelphia cinnamon bun. ☞There is no bookseller who can make more ingeniously oblique suggestions to his customers than Charley McLean of Dayton, Ohio. In his spring bulletin, *The Haunted Bookshop,* he says "We dislike to spoil a good belt by punching a hole in it. That is what will happen if we fail to sell a few more books to our unsuspecting readers." ☞We gather that McLean is planning to publish a book by one of Dayton's home-town authors, George Antrim; it is described as "a composite of Walt Mason, Riley, Eugene Field, Bill Nye, Will Rogers, Chic Sale, and Mark Twain."

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